The Bystander, October 19, 1921 No. 933. Vol. LXXII

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

THE "VIGIL"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
MISS MAUD ALLAN in selections from her repertoire, BEATIE & BABS, CORPS DE BALALAIKA, MISS MAGGIE TEYTE, Etc.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2643). THE GOLDEN MOTH.
Evenings at 8. Mats., Weds. & Sats. at 2.
W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates, Cicely Debenham, Nancie Lovat, Barbara Roberts. Sylvia Leslie, Grace Glover, Misquette and Maxly.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "SYBIL"
JOSÉ COLLINS, and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S
Gaiety Revue Success PINS & NEEDLES
With MARIA KOUSNEZOFF (The World-famous Operatic Diva).
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Mon., Wed. & Sat., at 2.15.

GARRICK. (Ger. 9513). Nightly 8.15. Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 2.15.
RUBY MILLER and ALL STAR CAST.
"THE EDGE O' BEYOND"
By Gertrude Page (Authoress of "Paddy the next Best Thing").

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
"WOMAN TO WOMAN"
Arthur Wontner. Wilette Kershaw.

NEW (Regent 4466). MATHESON LANG
IN
CHRISTOPHER SLY.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINÉES, WEDS. & SATS. at 2.30.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834). THE CO-OPTIMISTS
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NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS., MON., WED. and SAT., 2.30.

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An Adventure of Sherlock Holmes
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THE GRAPHIC, October 22.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Lady Next Door

CAN it be that the presence of an audience has a fatiguing effect upon the vocal chords of a singer? In drawing-rooms and concert-halls, and other places where singers delight us, we are frequently asked to excuse them from doing any more, after quite a small amount of singing, because they are tired. I am prompted to ask my opening question because recently there has come to live near me a lady with a high soprano voice. She is able to sing at the top of it for long periods several times a day, and even when night has fallen I can trace no sign of fatigue. And now I have been reading of Chaliapin making records for the gramophone—an hour-and-a-half went in preliminary "vocalising." Then he sang on through the afternoon, but complained that he was a "night bird," and so sang on until it was "no longer afternoon but evening," when he was in "tremendous form." It almost seems as though an audience must have some mysterious effect upon vocal chords so untiring in seclusion.

The Popular Opera

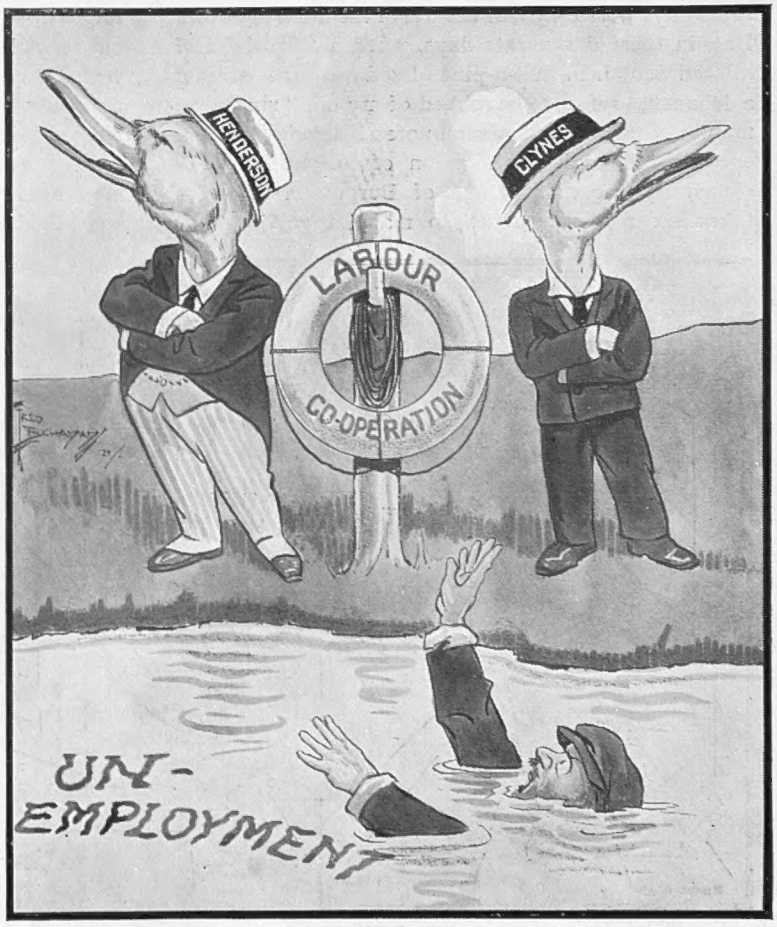
THERE is something amusing to the layman in the discussion that is mildly raging as to why the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are still so popular. All sorts of quaint reasons are suggested. It seems to me that one might as well discuss why the books of Dickens and Thackeray are still read, or why boys of all ages still love *Robinson Crusoe*. Surely the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan are still successful because Gilbert wrote the books and Sullivan the music and D'Oyly Carte ran them. If the same trio could combine to-day on an "Oh Yes!" or a "My Eye!" they would probably score a huge success. Mr. Adrian Ross suggests that one great reason for their success was that they knew the company for whom they were writing. True. But the company knew who was writing for them. I see that it took no fewer than eleven cooks to make a recent bowl of broth. They did not spoil it, in spite of the proverb—but a Gilbert and Sullivan opera could not possibly be made by eleven people. One could as well imagine a syndicate writing Shakespeare's sonnets.

No More Night Watchmen

So another familiar figure of night life in London is to disappear! The night watchman, who set up his hut and his camp-fire, and dug himself in generally, wherever the streets were up, is to go. From the picturesque point of view he will be a loss. His mates in the daytime give one of the most popular continuous shows in our city, and all for nothing. At night the watchman also had his admirers, fewer, but equally fascinated. I suppose his chief duty would be to see that none of the day men sneaked back at night to get on with the job, and so deprive daylight spectators of their free show—not that their methods during the day would suggest any such keenness, but you never can tell. Now inspectors on bicycles are to make the rounds of the day camps and do this work more cheaply. That, of course, is necessary in these hard-up times. But I hope Madame Tussaud will put up a group of the watchman, his hut, and his brazier and frying-pan.

To Reduce Unemployment

I SUPPOSE it would be impossible to have night shifts of road-menders, but that would save the cost of bicyclists, reduce unemployment, and get the work done quicker. It *is* an interesting show during the day, but it *does* impede traffic.

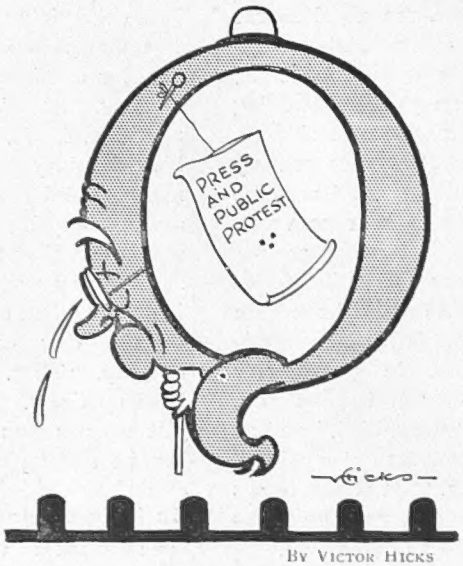


OUR "GHANDIS" By Fred Buchanan

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Suspend All Horse Traffic

And, talking about London traffic, is it not about time that the horse disappeared from it, at any rate in certain districts and at certain hours during the daytime? The time that horse-drawn vehicles cause to be lost during a week in the busy parts of London must total up to a number of months that would make even a strike leader jealous. In addition to this, the London streets of to-day make cruel work for horses, and I fancy that horse-drawn vehicles, especially covered vans with silly little windows each side of the driver, cause many accidents. There are other objections, but the wicked waste of time and the hardships of the horses are the strongest. Have you never had your taxi hit against a horse's nose with a thud that sickens and saddens you?



By Victor Hicks

Mr. Theatreque (*dramatically*): "Alas! I fear my days and nights are numbered!"
Voice from the Gallery: "And a jolly good job, too!"

"The Six-Bottle Man"

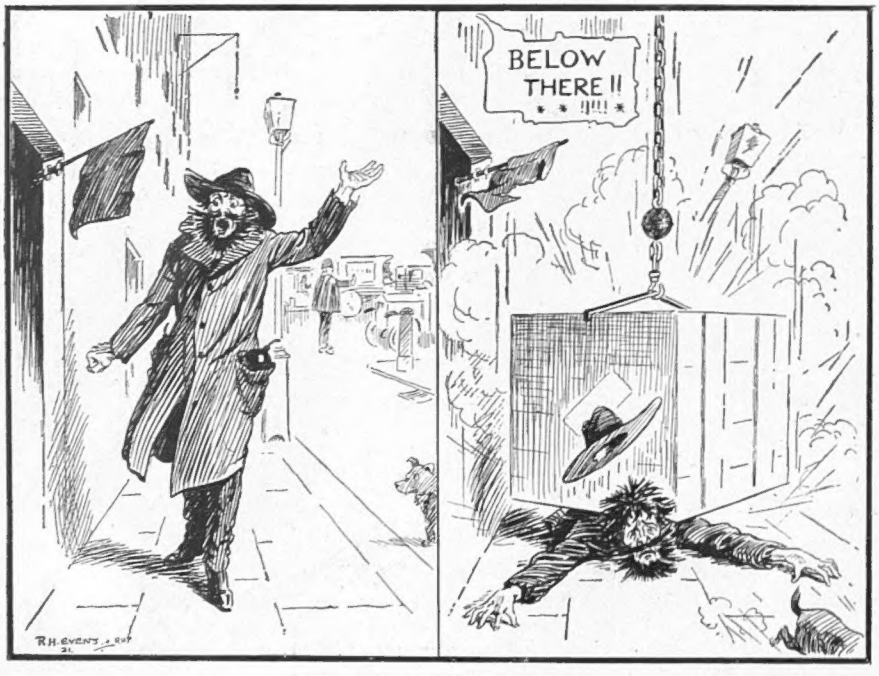
Why do some people seem to take a malicious delight in trying to prove our most cherished traditions to be false? Correspondents in a daily contemporary are denying the existence in "the good old days" of "the six-bottle man." Some try to explain him away by saying that the bottles of those days were only half the size of the modern bottle. But, in these degenerate days, when a thimbleful of diluted Scotch in half-a-pint of soda-water is almost a debauch, I refuse to be robbed of my old "six-bottle man." One correspondent quotes Macaulay's reference to "the daily half gallon of burgundy" consumed by the great Duke of Burgundy. Now it takes six modern bottles to make a gallon, and, though I hope fate will preserve me from ever having to drink three bottles of burgundy in a day, I refuse to believe that the great Duke's daily half-gallon was anything more than a morning refresher.

Those After-Dinner Debates

And then a correspondent writes of Pitt as "another good toper." He quotes the question someone asked, "How is it that Pitt can address the House after three bottles of port?" The answer was, "You forget that most of those he is addressing have had as much." Tut! Tut! This is childish. I insist upon six bottles. The mere three-bottle man has flourished in my day, and, for all I know, may still do so.

Henry VIII as a Bache...

I went up early one summer term, to row. Passing the Senior Common Room early on the first morning I saw the old butler coming out, and asked him what Dons were in college. "Only two, sir," he said, "Mr. —— and Mr. ——." Then, looking at the five dead men in his bottle-basket, he added, "Three for Mr. —— and two for Mr. ——." And these old gentlemen were long past their prime, and with only two of them after dinner it had naturally been an "off night," so to speak. No, I won't be robbed of my heroic six-bottle men. They will be trying to persuade me next that Henry VIII was a bachelor and Falstaff a teetotal vegetarian.



THE RED FLAG AGAIN! By R. H. Evans

"Ah-h! The Beloved Flagski * * ski! *——* !!!——!!!!"

"Conference-itis"

It's been a terrible week for conferences. What with our newly acquired friends (or is it only "acquaintances" as yet?) from Southern Ireland, and organised Labour's leading exponents at Downing Street, and the Church Congress at Birmingham, it is a wonder some of our leading citizens have managed to survive "the exuberance of their own verbosity." It's rather catching, too, you know, this "conference-itis." The disease spreads so quickly. Think of Thursday last; 'twixt Bouverie Street and Temple Station twenty thousand went down with

By E. T. Reed

ENOUGH FOR THREE

David: "I say, Lloyd—do you know 'Ivor'?—I've a fairish load on *my* back!"
Lloyd: "Have *you* met 'Jessie'?—Jes' see the job *I've* got!"
George: "Do you understand 'snuffing'?—S'nuffin' to what I've got here!"

it all in one afternoon! How else can one account for the demonstration?

The Prince to the Rescue

For, after all, even the unemployed must be aware that foreign politics—even Pershing-peudo-Incidents—and professional football matches in 80 deg. temperature are next to nothing in the public eye compared to the lack of work for many able and worthy men. There can be no doubt about it. Somehow work has got to be found for the bulk of the two million, and their temporary misfortunes tided over as best they may. In his recent speech the Prince of Wales admirably expressed the public conscience about the unemployed and if only because he has spoken the unemployed should know that those who are willing to work at an economic wage will find both the work and the wage and temporary relief for their immediate necessities.

The Cure

Learned men who have studied the disease and its many attendant evils tell me that there is one certain cure. It is composed of equal quantities of "Freedom-to-work-at-any-pace-for-any-wage-you-will" and "Freedom-to-play-at-any-time-at-any-game-you-like." Both of these ingredients, one gathers, are extremely scarce just now in this country.

Photograph *Topical Press*

A COUSIN OF THE KING

A recent photograph, taken at Brockford Hall, of Her Highness the Princess Helena Victoria, where she was the guest of Sir Harold and Lady Nutting. Princess Victoria is the King's cousin and the elder daughter of the Princess Christian, the younger being the Princess Marie Louise. Their father, the Prince Christian, died in October 1917. From left to right: Sir Harold Nutting, Bart., Her Highness the Princess Helena Victoria, Lady Harold Nutting, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Michael Remmington

The Court in Norfolk

THE Court has only remained a brief time in London, breaking the journey, as it were, between Balmoral and York Cottage. The autumn weeks in Norfolk are practically the only time of continued rest and quiet the King and Queen can snatch in the whole year. The sojourn at Balmoral, although practically free from the atmosphere of State which necessarily surrounds Buckingham Palace and Windsor, has still many duties of representation and hospitality which are not called for at York Cottage, where the Royal family can be as *intime* and cosy as they choose.

Queen Maud of Norway has arrived at Appleton, where she spent such happy times as Princess Charles of Denmark, and with Queen Alexandra at Sandringham the happy family party of pre-War autumns will be complete.

Do not be surprised if some pleasant news reaches us concerning one of the Royal Princes. What is called an "interesting announcement" may, perhaps, be made before Christmas. Don't leap to the conclusion that it is the Prince we are all anxious to see happily mated. But it may be one of his brothers.

I hear that everybody on both sides is more than willing—all that remains is for a certain young woman to make up her mind whether she will change her state as the daughter of a Scottish Earl of ancient lineage for the position of a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland.

Photograph *Central News*

THE QUEEN OF NORWAY

Who has arrived in England and is now staying with Queen Alexandra at Sandringham

A Breath from the Past

THE mediæval pageantry of the Crussol—Gordon wedding struck a strange note in Republican France. But notwithstanding all the changes in France since the Revolution of 1791, ending up with half a century of Presidents, the old feudal bond between the Uzès family and their people is as strong as it was in the days of the French monarchs.

All the old protocol of the marriages of the Uzès heirs was followed — the wedding at the Château d'Uzès, locally known as the Duchè, the presentation of the bride to the townspeople and countryfolk on the balcony of the *château*, the ruby crown worn by the bride at the marriage ceremony, and after the wedding an open table for all who cared to come. A breath from the Royalist past in a very Republican to-day.

Who, When

BY THE BYSTANDER

A Famous Grandmother

THE grandmother of the bridegroom, the Duchesse Douarière d'Uzès, has been one of the greatest figures in the *haute volée* of French Society for a generation past. For years she hunted a pack of hounds at Rambouillet. She was the patron of artists, dramatists, and rising actors, and was the first of the great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain to interest herself in the cause of women.

Royalist to the core, the Duchess Dowager added her inexhaustible energy to the plans and hopes that centred round General Boulanger as the god in the machinery that should bring the last scion of the old Kings of France back to the throne. She was

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

ROYAL SMILES

Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Mary at Hampstead last week, where, at Upper Heath, the foundation stone of the permanent building of the Queen Mary's Maternity Home was laid. Five hundred babies have been born at Cedar Lawn, including ten sets of twins!

and Where

IN SOCIETY

the centre, the mainspring of the scheme—which very nearly succeeded—to make Boulanger Dictator of France. It was openly said that she financed the *beau* General, whose courage failed him at the critical moment.

Instead of going to the Elysée and striking the blow for which everything was prepared he bolted to England, overborne by the fears of the mistress upon whose grave he shot himself a year or two later in Brussels.

The Legion of Honour

THE Duchess Dowager's part in the plan was common knowledge, but she was too great a figure to be proceeded against. But her participation was not forgotten. Years after, when the Boulanger affair was a matter of a hundred yesterdays, a *chose pour rire*, the Duchess d'Uzès wanted the Légion d'Honneur. It was refused.

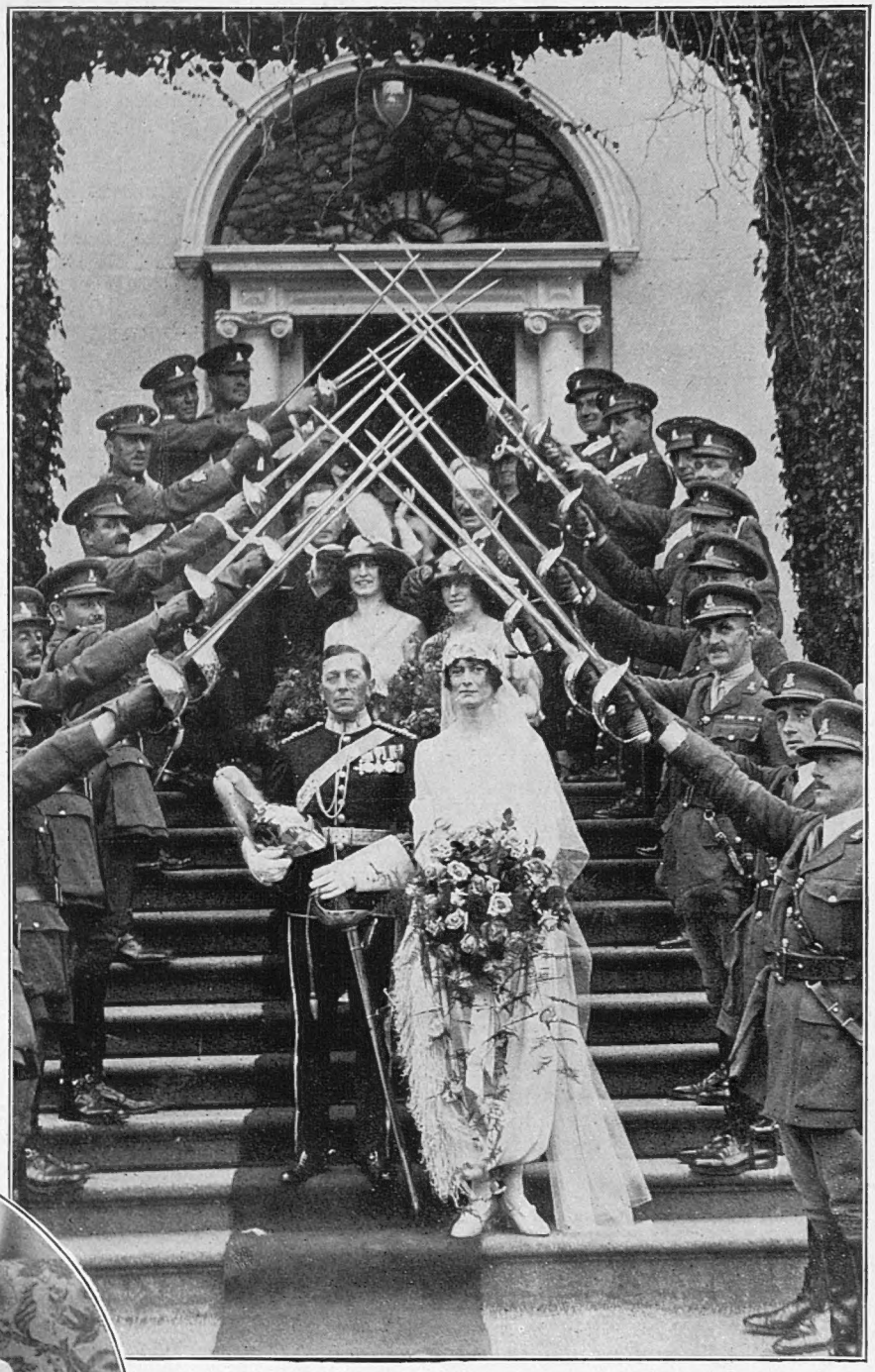
But during the War she worked with a superb devotion and sacrifice. Now she is an officer of the Legion. So the beautiful English Duchesse de Crussol has a very remarkable grandmother-in-law, who, I believe, still is the president of that delightful woman's club in Paris, the Lyceum.

Money and Royal Quarterings

EVEN more youthful than the Duc de Crussol and his bride were the American Mr. Leeds and his imperial bride of Russia, who also were married almost on the same day in Paris. Mr. Leeds is eighteen, his *sposa* is seventeen. Whether she will be known as Mrs. Leeds or as the Princess Xenia of Russia does not yet seem to have been settled.

The marriage of this boy American millionaire to the daughter of a Russian Grand Duke brings this reflection—the Royal house of Greece has been the first of its order to recognise the fact that in the future the money standard will outweigh all other standards. This marriage is a tacit statement that the possession of a certain number of millions is the equivalent to Royal and imperial quarterings.

One cannot help wondering if Germany had not lost in the War whether the marriages of mother and son would have taken place. Myself, I think not. The ex-Kaiser was all-powerful at Athens through his sister, the Queen of Greece. Neither Queen Sophie nor King Tino would have dared to give their consent to such a double affront



Photograph *L. N. A.*

A MILITARY WEDDING IN DUBLIN

Major Cecil D. Knight, of the Carabineers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport Knight, of Bewbridge House, Isle of Wight, and his bride, the Hon. Violet Lilian Campbell, only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenavy, Milltown, Co. Dublin, leaving the Church of St. Phillip's, Milltown, after the ceremony, beneath the crossed swords of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the bridegroom's regiment

Photograph *C. Vandyk, Ltd.*

AN ECHO OF THE WAR

Miss Fyfe, who distinguished herself so conspicuously during the War, with the little boy she found amongst the ruins of Ypres, and whom she later adopted. Miss Fyfe, besides receiving several British medals, has been decorated with the Chevalier de Leopold, Médaille de la Reine Elisabeth, Croix de Guerre Français, and Médaille de la Reconaissance de la France

Photograph *Photo Illust. Co.*

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieutenant David L. Cristis, R.N., and Miss A. M. Tates, whose wedding took place last week at the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields

to the ex-Kaiser's sacrosanct ideas about Royalty.

A Note from Monte Carlo

A FRIEND of mine who has ventured down from Austria to the Riviera writes me that he is leading a most unexpectedly "busy life."

"Monte Carlo," he says, "is very animated at the present time, while the weather is all one could possibly desire, a delightful and invigorating breeze tempers the heat. A great many bathers have arrived from Le Touquet and the other resorts on the Normandy and Brittany coasts, attracted by the fact that they are able to enjoy their favourite pastime throughout the year. The Larvato Baths are quite full every day, and good music and afternoon tea and refreshment are obtainable at moderate prices. The famous tennis courts of La Festa are in full swing and practically all kinds of sport may be enjoyed in the Principality. Monsieur Camille Blanc tells me that a delightful spot in Cap Fleuri, one of the prettiest places on the French Riviera, in close proximity to the Principality has been bought by the Société des Bains de Mer, and is being transformed into the very best pigeon shooting ground imaginable in order to suit the tastes of those who prefer Clay Birds. A Club House with all the latest comforts and improvements is being built to suit the requirements and tastes of its members and guests, and every hope is entertained that its inauguration will take place in a relatively short space of time." The Riviera sounds very attractive for the time of year.

Echoes of Old Scandals

THE lady who was born Princess Louise of Belgium is once more in the throes of litigation. She was a daughter of the late King of the Belgians, Leopold the Gay and Most Astute, and, consequently, is sister to the widow of the Archduke Rudolph of tragical Mayerling memory (now Countess Longay), and to the Princess Victor Napoleon, to whose husband the Empress Eugènie left Farnborough.

Photo *W. A. Rouch*

EQUERRY-IN-WAITING TO THE PRINCE

Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, brother of the Earl of Airlie, who has been appointed equerry-in-waiting to the Prince of Wales

Princess Louise of Belgium married Prince Philip of Coburg, a brother of the ex-Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria and a son of the famous Princess Clementine, whose intrigues and wire-pulling placed Ferdinand on the Bulgarian throne. Prince Philip, by the way, was one of the guests at the shooting-box at Mayerling when the Archduke Rudolph and the Baroness Vatsera came to their tragic ends. Their matrimonial career was a very stormy affair, and ended with the Princess Louise being more or less "placed under restraint" by the old Emperor Francis Joseph, and finally with her divorce under the Coburg house-law.

Prince Philip of Coburg, who had enormous possessions in Hungary, inherited from his Coburg ancestors, has recently died, and now his former wife and their daughter, Duchess Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein, are fighting over his unentailed property. For years Duke Gunther was the stormy petrel of the Court at Berlin, and was always supposed to have had a hand in the famous series of anonymous letters which spread panic amongst the Prussian Court some years ago and became a European scandal.

Concerning Etiquette

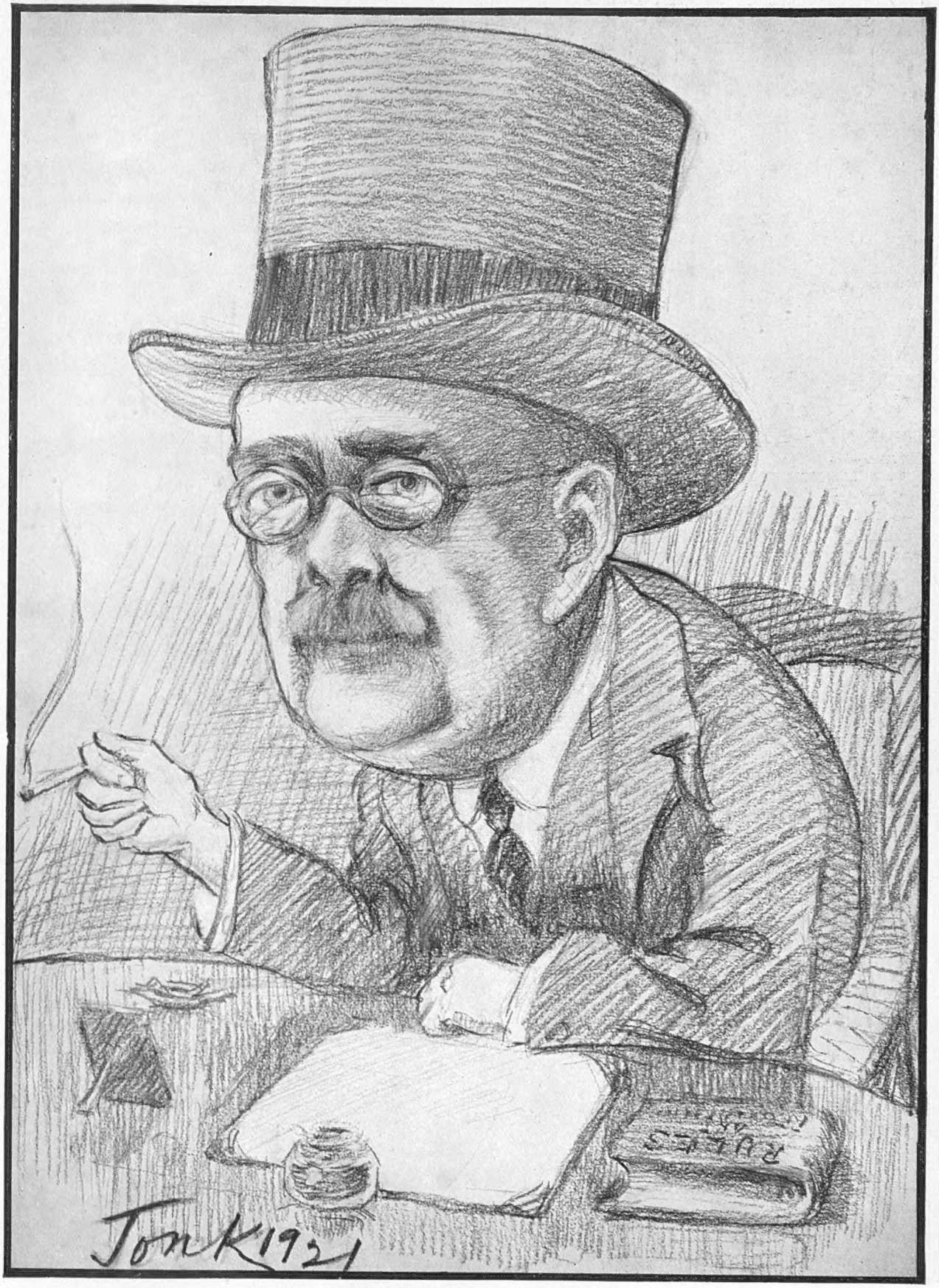
IF you have any doubts as to what you should do or what you should not do in those relations with your fellows which come under the heading of "social," you cannot do better than consult Cassell's *Book of Etiquette*, which has just been published. Its writer, "A Woman of the World," has a thorough and intimate knowledge of her subject, and gives just the kind of information that people—young people especially—are continually asking for, and which is rarely, if ever, given in books of this kind.

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

PRINCESS XENIA

The daughter of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, and Mr. William Leeds, son of Mrs. Leeds, now Princess Christopher of Greece, after their marriage in Paris last week

Stock Exchange Celebrities



NO. I.—"THE CHAIRMAN" BY "JONK"

Sir Wilfred Atlay, known to his friends as the "Bishop," was intended for the Army, but the long tentacles of the tape-machine snatched him from the barrack-square. He received the honour of knighthood this year, much to the satisfaction of all members of the "House"

Some Beautiful Autumn Brides

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

MISS MARJORIE KATHLEEN LODER

The only child of Mr. Reginald B. Loder and Lady Margaret Loder, whose marriage to Captain Cuthbert Henry Dawnay, M.C., takes place on November 10

Photograph *Yevonde*

MISS AVRIL FERGUESON BUCHANAN

Who was yesterday married to Lieut. M. A. Sinclair, K.C.B., of Freswick

Photograph *Bertram Park*

TO MARRY Col. R. H. MACDONALD. R.E.

Miss E. M. Stewart-Richardson, second daughter of the late Colonel E. R. Stewart-Richardson. The bridegroom-elect is the youngest son of the late Lord Kingsburgh, G.C.B.

Photographs

TO WED AN EARL'S SON

A new portrait of Miss Pamela Burroughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Burroughes, whose marriage to Captain the Hon. Ivan Hay, third son of the Earl and Countess of Erroll, will take place on November 8 at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Bassano, Ltd.

MISS E. M. H. PALAIRET

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. H. Palairet, of Kenton Lodge, Kenton, Exeter, whose wedding to Captain R. I. V. Birkbeck, M.C., Rifle Brigade, elder son of the late Major V. U. Birkbeck, the Royal Scots, and Mrs. Birkbeck, of Stackhouse, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, will take place in the near future

WOMAN to WOMAN

AT THE GLOBE

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THE title of this play is a little reminiscent of the fine, ripe, transpontine drama that used to flourish in the old days. But, as a fact, the play itself is a closely reasoned and extremely well-presented argument in favour of giving the love-child a fair start in life. According to the advertisements issued by the management (the wish being, perhaps, father to the thought) the theme of the play has already become an acutely controversial topic in London and the suburbs; but as to that I have no precise information. I am not sure that there is really very much to argue about; but, in any case, as I am not very much affected either way, I am naturally on the side of the angels. Let us start with Mlle. Deloryse, who is a famous French dancer. In the early days of the Great War she was simply an ordinary young person living in modest obscurity in Paris. Then David Anson-Pond, who happened to be soldiering in France, caught her eye and won her young and untried affection. And that was that. As Deloryse herself admits, when a Frenchwoman falls violently in love she has no time to think of marriage lines and other prosaic details of well-ordered domestic life; though, as it happens, any reflection of the kind would not have been of much use, as David was a man already married. And David, with the soldier's licence, loves and rides away. After a lapse of years he sees the now celebrated Deloryse dancing at a theatre, and recognising her at once as an incident in his career, asks that he may be allowed to call.

THEN Deloryse springs upon David the surprise of his life. After the first hectic welcome is over she introduces him to little

Davy, his four-year-old son whom he has never seen, and whom she is bringing up as a very English boy for his father's sake. David is astonished at the news. He had, apparently, never suspected the possibility of any such result from his transitory association with the little French girl, although, as a matter of fact, it has happened more than once to a great many other people. But he welcomes the child heartily. He is now a prosperous engineer, and he has always longed for a son to succeed him in his business. His wife, Mrs. Anson-Pond, is a lady who is much too busy with her social functions to have time for child-bearing, and she is far more interested in concerts and dances than in the gentler music of the lullaby. Deloryse's first idea is that now that David has come back to her he will marry her. But, as David points out, alas! it cannot be, or words to that effect. Deloryse then gets desperate. To give her boy an even chance in life she is prepared to make the greatest of all maternal sacrifices. If Mrs. Anson-Pond will adopt the child and give him his father's name, Deloryse will hide her tears and let him go. David is confident that the matter can be arranged, and with a fine and green trustfulness, sadly misplaced, in the reasonableness of the gentler sex, he hurries round to his severely correct wife and tells her blandly that he would like her to take to her arms the child of his mistress. I ask you!

Mrs. Anson-Pond very naturally declines to do anything of the sort, and she resents bitterly the more than half-implied reproach levelled at her own sterility. This is the controversial part that will, apparently, prove so interesting to the elderly maiden ladies of the suburbs who are to sit down and think what they would do in a contingency that is not in the least likely to happen to them. The case for the child is very well put indeed, so that people who like to argue about things till they get red in the face, have a nice supply of data to work on. Mrs. Anson-Pond, on her side, puts the case for orthodoxy very neatly, and as the debate progresses it becomes extremely interesting. Then Deloryse herself calls at the house and adds the weight of her highly emotional appeal to David's less impassioned request. This is the "Woman to Woman" business, and after harsh words have passed on both sides, Deloryse winds up the discussion, and, incidentally, the second act, by commenting on the fact that a woman who has refused to bear a child remains respected and honoured, while she who has become a mother is to be referred

to in terms that very nearly slip over the edge of the dictionary.

But David is determined to have his way. Mrs. Anson-Pond has given him clearly to understand that if he brings that woman's brat to her house she herself will leave it forthwith, if not sooner. I suppose this is the attitude that would be adopted by most married ladies who have been brought up with a mother's care. David has, therefore, only one alternative. He will go away himself. He hastens to Deloryse's bourdoir and announces his decision, adding that they have just time to pack and catch the night train for Paris. Deloryse asks for no greater happiness than that, and she rushes to prepare for the journey.

About this time Mrs. Anson-Pond experiences what, I believe, is known in exclusive circles as a change of heart. She interrupts Deloryse in the midst of her packing to say that upon mature deliberation she has decided that it will be her duty to take the boy, and that she will care for him as faithfully as if he were her own. This scene is very beautifully written and acted, and the spasmodic sniffing that goes on around you almost jerks you up and down in your seat.

Deloryse is represented by Miss Wilette Kershaw, who comes, I believe, from the States. Her picture of the mother's agony at the great sacrifice she is compelled to make for her boy's future is very finely drawn, and only now and again do we detect in her dainty French accents the more homely burr of Broadway. Mrs. Anson-Pond is really two women, and Miss Henrietta Watson represents them both with a rare charm. The first Mrs. Anson-Pond is a hard-faced Puritan, jealous of her marital rights and her social prestige; while the other is a singularly sweet woman purring with infinite tenderness and maternal love.

LOUISE REGNIS AS HENRIETTE

MARIE VINTEN AS DAVY

After some further argument Deloryse surrenders. She will go away and never see little Davy again, while he will grow up and look upon Mrs. Anson-Pond as the only mother he has ever known. Daddy, therefore, picks the child up in his arms and carries him away, and Deloryse is left alone with her breaking heart. It is a very emotional scene, and the ladies about me wept and wept and wept.

The last scene brings, as it were, the cup of healing to the sacrificing mother. Some twenty years have elapsed. Her English doctor calls on her in her garden in France, and brings with him a young friend, who desires to make her acquaintance. It is young Davy, grown into a man, the very image of his father, as he well may be, since Mr. Arthur Wontner doubles the two parts most successfully. Davy has come to say that his parents (the Anson-Ponds) are dead, and the last wish of his "mother" was that he should call on Madame Deloryse because she is a lady who desires only to be his best friend.

ARTHUR WONTNER AS DAVID

Such problem as there is in the play obviously resolves itself into a matter of sentiment. It is not a question of what is the right thing to do, but what most women would do when carried away by overwhelming emotion. The play, by Mr. Michael Morton, is a very competent piece of work, and it holds the attention of the audience from the first moment. Little Davy is played by a clever child actress, Marie Vinten, and Mr. Athole Stewart gives a sturdy and graceful note to the part of a doctor. The play is undoubtedly a popular success, and should enjoy a long run. Jingle

Tales of the "Ten-Thirty"

BY E. V. H. EMMETT

You see plenty of them on the "ten-thirty"—elderly financiers, they are. There was a fine, stout one in my carriage on Thursday morning. I could not help admiring him as he sat there, looking as though nothing could ruffle him. He was the sort of man who could carry two umbrellas through the street without looking as if he had stolen them.

He was sitting in the corner seat opposite me as I sat facing the engine. His face, with its Simian forehead, its Hebraic nose and receding chin, described that graceful parabola common to the faces of most wealthy City men.

He was, of course, beautifully dressed in his creaseless frock-coat and trousers, but it was his hat that I chiefly noticed—a lovely silk one, with the hairs all brushed the same way, such as only the great firm of Kincoln Bent can turn out. Eyeing this wonder I began to feel ashamed of my own soft felt one, which blew off, and was run over by a charabanc the first day I wore it. Still, in a way I am fond of my old hat. I call it "Where the Rainbow Ends" because they call me "Little Rainbow" at home.

I expect it was an expensive cigar that he was smoking. You wouldn't see such a fine band on a cheap one.

Eustace (shall we call our friend Eustace?) was reading the *Financial Times*, and I felt glad I had kept the copy I picked up in the train the previous evening, although, mind you, I don't pretend to understand it.

I decided, on the ground of our mutual choice of literature, to get into conversation with this super-magnate. I took a deep breath, and, when I had wiped the smuts out of my mouth, said:

"What do you think of Mexican Railroads?" He did not answer, but I didn't mind. He knew what he thought of Mexican Railroads, and he knew I knew he knew, so what need was there of speech?

Eustace presently produced a gold-pencil and made some rapid calculations in the margin of his paper. I have often wondered what people write in the margin of the *Financial Times*. They all do it. After a decent interval I also made a calculation. This is what I did:

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 5 \\ \hline 7\checkmark \end{array}$$

I expect his was more difficult.

At that moment the ticket-inspector came in. Feeling very virtuous I showed my ticket (my travelling expenses were being paid for me). Eustace fumbled in his pocket, then produced his. Oh, horror! He was travelling first-class with a third-class ticket! I felt myself shivering. The inspector was unperturbed.

"Three-and-tenpence-'a'penny," he said. Eustace remained cool and unafraid.

"Come, come!" he said. "That's not right. The first-class fare is eight-and-eightpence. I have already paid four-and-ninepence-halfpenny for this ticket. The excess will, therefore, be three-and-*eightpence*-halfpenny."

In the end the inspector won.

I felt sorry for Eustace. Perhaps he had not got as far as £ s. d.

I wonder what he wrote in the margin.

E. V. H. EMMETT

By Harry Woolley

"THE MAN WHO PREFERS A SHORT WIFE AND A MERRY ONE"

A-Hunting We Will Go!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

PARLOUR FOX HUNTING

For when the weather is too bad for the meet

And Here—"You Always Get a Bite"

Photographs by Photo Press

FISHING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

STEP cautiously up to these broad pools, this winding brook, peep over and see the big fellows. Doesn't it make your mouth water? See that old rainbow trout lazily moving its tail in the water, a seven-pounder, if an ounce, and there, another—the pool seems packed with them. Yet it is not for the novice to fill his creel, only the expert may land these wonderful specimens. Lady anglers are flocking to these waters in San Bernardino county for the splendid fishing where:

Come early or late with flies for bait,
To this land of the heart's delight,
Where the "rainbows" sleep and the brook trout leep,
And you always get a bite.

The BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN IN PARIS

A PROFESSOR IN SEARCH OF A SMILE

"Lose his capacity for the smile and the laughter"

MES AMIS—

IT was to be anticipated. Those news which I have conveyed to you for the twelve months which come to pass have been discovered by the doctor-professors. *Voilà!* that the Doctor Poche has announced that the Parisian of tradition gay goes to lose his capacity for the smile and the laughter. It is much to be hoped—is it not?—that the professor shall not be so much *en retard* with a proposal for a remedy as he has been to come upon the disease. *Autrement* there shall be the pall of the gloom upon our *cher Paris* for *tout jamais*.

IT shall be well, therefore, not to count upon the Doctor Poche for the salvation from the sadness. And it shall be all the more well because the pessimism of Poche is of the form which does seem to rule out the remedies. He has sought his *explications* of the lack of the laughter, which has long been so obvious to the most *jeune* of the programme-sellers, in the internals of the victims. And, of course, it is not possible there to find the bright outlook for the future. There is only evident the stomach-ache of the present. So he has pronounced, from his microscopical investigations, that the smile and the laughter have the likelihood to vanish for ever.

I WILL not risk to overstrain my little typewriter by to give you the too heavy words in which he has explained why this shall come to happen. I will just say that he has propounded the physiological and the pathological reasons to predict the atrophy at a date *très prochaine* of the risible faculties of the *pauvre Parisien*.

EVEN in the simple form like that it has sounded to me sufficiently terrible. But in the language of the doctor-professor it has appeared so dreadful that there have been the thousands of the *citoyens* that have had the shudders for the many days. There have *en effet* been many who have had the such great depression that they have wished to obtain for the descendants a photograph which shall prove that a time has been when they have had the capacity to smile.

IT has been only fair to posterity, have they thought, that it shall have the evidence how the people of the present have been able to look cheerful, when shall come the long and the doleful days of the descendants' inability to waggle the funny bones of their faces. There has been the fortune for the photographers, who have had to *refuser du monde*. But there has not been the success in the idea. When the descendants shall look upon the photographs they will most certainly be troubled at the amount of the sufferings which their ancestors shall have endured in the days when people have been able to smile. They shall surely think that at the back of the man of the camera shall have been the shadow of the dentist.

"The irritation to have to bestow the unearned pourboire"

YET I have the thought that the descendants will not have to undergo the infliction of the photograph. I think the doctor-professor has made the profound error when he has anticipated the future from the present. There are the more wise persons who have *constaté* that the absence of the laughter is a most serious thing at the present, but who are confident that it will not extend into the future. It is, in the opinion of these wiser ones, a matter of externals and not of internals. These anti-pessimists are the

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

comedians of our music-halls who are the principal sufferers from the moroseness of the present times. They do feel the real pain that the very best of their jokes leave the audiences in the mood as sombre as is provided by the gloomy adventures of the Apaches on the river banks. But they have the sympathy with their old friends at the other side of the footlights. They have realised that the audiences are in the sombre humour nowadays because the life is so full of the worries. First the temper of the playgoer is ruffled because to have to pay so much francs for a seat. They receive the irritation to have to bestow the unearned *pourboire* on the woman who does pretend to show the way to a seat which is quite easily findable. This does turn the mind to the bitter thoughts of the prices of the butchers and the problem of the housing. Below these circumstances, the comedians have realised, it is difficult for a spectator to sit through an evening at the revue without to feel sulky and depressed and impervious to the jokes and quips thrown out from the stage.

YET they possess the *espoirs*, these comedians, that the most gay people of the earth shall be as gay as ever when the pettifogs, which at the present do sour the existence, shall have disappeared with the progress of the *baisse*. And I myself have the belief that they have right because there are the humorists which have succeeded to cause the city to chuckle quite recently when they have caught them unawares — before they have had time to remember the butchers and the increases in the rents.

"Would give the joie sans limite"

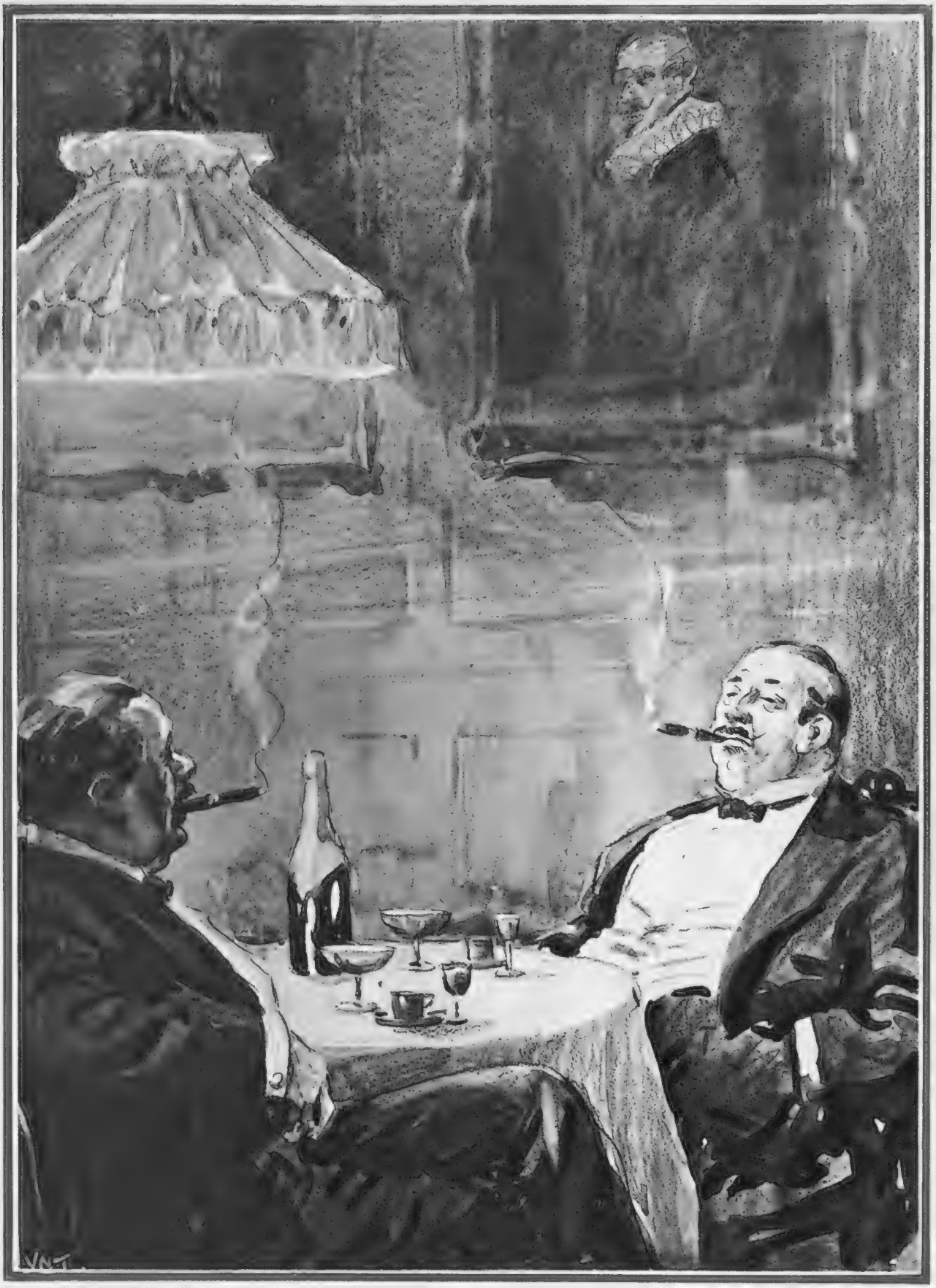
THERE has been, for example, the inventor who has promised to make the silk stockings out of the sands of the seashore. That has been thought the great jest. It has had the humour both the ways — if it shall become realised, which has, of course, been doubted; or if it shall not. If it shall not, well, there is always the delights of the vision of the costly leg-encasements for the next to nothing. But if it should materialise, why, there is the hope of *revanche* for the ruinous prices that one has had to pay to spend a little *vacance* on a terribly dear *plage*.

THE *plage* of sand has been the golden strand for the proprietors of the hotels and the *casinos*. If from the strand of gold one can now manufacture the strands of silk to the benefit of the tourist, all the *petites* of Paris will have the comfort that they have obtained some return for the vast sums they have left in the palaces by the sea. To take away a few pounds of the sands of M. Cornuche at Deauville, and be able to tell him that one has the possibility to make the stockings of silk with it, would give the *joie sans limite* to many ladies who have left the *billets de mille* down there at Deauville.

ROLAND

"A photograph which shall prove"

Our Collectors



BY WILMOT LUNT

FIRST PROFITEER: "I've got a Rubens and a Van Dyck, and I'm thinking of buying a Rembrandt"

SECOND PROFITEER: "Whatever do you want *three cars* for?"

NEW SERIES

Seven Years After: The

THERE IS A DECIDED WAR FLAVOUR ABOUT THE A

[Captain Bruce Bairnsfather has just returned from revisiting the actual spots in Belgium and France and the present conditions of these same places after seven years, will be instr

Western Front Revisited

ATERIALS USED IN THE REBUILDING OF BELGIUM

nce in which he made his famous drawings during the War. His experiences during this trip, strated in a new series of pictures, of which the above is the first—ED.]

"The Hotel Mouse"

Photograph *Yevonde*

MISS MURIEL PRATT

Who distinguished herself with the Everyman Theatre, is now acting in the new comedy at the Queen's Theatre

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS IRIS MARSHALL

The clever young authoress of "The Pitcher of Fate," a Russian romance which has attracted much notice in the world of books. She is at present writing a novel the scene of which is laid in Spain

Two large and sumptuously produced volumes lie on my table. They are the work of a man who hitherto has not been widely known as an author, and their title is not one which causes you thrills. *Mary Davies and the Manor of Ebury* (Cassell: £3 3*s.* net), by Charles T. Gatty, F.S.A.: so reads the cover. Well, who, you ask, is Mary Davies? And where is her Manor of Ebury? Why should their conjunction demand two such very large volumes? Ought one to have heard of the lady? In any case, what is it all about? You read a sentence or two, admire the illustrations, suddenly become keen on the maps, and find yourself chuckling at a phrase of the author's. Why, here is a work entirely out of the ordinary, a piece of research which is never dull or dry-as-dustical, but of great importance and interest—thrilling! (Which is why Mr. Birrell was filling several columns of the *Times* a week or two ago with a review of these astonishing volumes.)

❋

Now Mary Davies, about whom many untruthful stories have been told, was a remarkable woman. Not only did she bring to the Grosvenor family what are to-day its most valuable possessions in London, but her own experiences were sufficiently odd. The Manor of Ebury comprises a large portion of Mayfair, Belgravia, and Pimlico. It took in a part of Hyde Park, and was bounded on the north by Bayswater and Oxford Street, and it came to Mistress Mary from as curious an old boy as ever Dickens described in any of his novels. Hugh Awdeley was a lawyer who became very rich: his methods may have been open to question, and it is a fact that previous biographers have generally dismissed him as an unconscionable usurer.

❋

Mr. Gatty, however, paints a more accurate picture, and it is when you have read him on Awdeley that you realise what a jolly historian he is going to prove. Awdeley's old Manor, with its two (now) subterranean rivers — to-day you can see the Westbourne, which flows through the Serpentine, enclosed in a tube inside Sloane Square Station—is described with a wealth of detail and in a spirit of the most delightful enthusiasm. You begin to want to know all that there is to know. (What, for instance, is the course of the Tybourne to-day?)

❋

But the people of Mr. Gatty's volumes are quite as interesting as his places. I have mentioned Hugh Awdeley, who in his old age is a pathetic enough figure. The history of Mary Davies herself reads like a romance. She is married at thirteen to Sir Thomas Grosvenor, Bart., lives up at Eaton in respectable splendour, and then in her widowhood undergoes very unpleasant experiences. She shocks the Grosvenors by becoming a Catholic; she shocks them by insisting on making a long tour on the continent in her coach and six; and in France a most peculiar second marriage takes place. Is she right in the head? Is this Mr. Edward Fenwick an Adelphi-like villain after her estates? Is the ceremony performed according to law? Has the bride been drugged? Mr. Gatty takes us to the Law Courts at Westminster, and has the business thrashed out in such a vivid way that we might be in the old Hall ourselves.

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

SHORTLY TO MAKE HER DÉBUT

Miss Olive Goff, who gives her first vocal recital at the Æolian Hall on Friday, October 28. She is the daughter of the well-known colour artist, Fred. E. J. Goff

❋

Mr. Fenwick is duly pronounced the true and lawful husband of Dame Grosvenor, much to our surprise; but he gains little enough. Evidence accumulates that poor Dame Mary is not, and was not, in her right mind, and the marriage is annulled. Whereupon there turns up another Dickensian figure in a certain Colonel Colepepper, who also claims to be a husband. He, poor soul, is insane, but we are interested to meet him. And so the story goes on: Dame Mary's three sons all succeed to the baronetcy, but by this time the new material which Mr. Gatty has brought to light is near to exhaustion: eighteenth century papers have been done to death. He wisely brings his labours to an end, having completed a work that is at once of unusual importance and written in the most sprightly and warm-hearted way.

R. S.

By Victor Hicks

WILL A BOLSHEVIK WINTER NECESSARILY FOLLOW AN INDIAN SUMMER?

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES

A SAVING CLAUSE

["*Women to-day, through wearing scantier attire than men, are the more robust sex.*"—A Medical Authority.]

Phyllis, when in the glorious Past
The *modes* were milder, meeker,
Less apt to be denounced as fast,
Your sex was labelled "weaker!"
Man was your lord and master then;
You simply knuckled under,
And listened to the conquering male
When he was pleased to tell the tale
With undiluted wonder.

You cooked his meals with zealous vim,
His favourite dishes blending;
And hummed a happy little hymn
While toying with his mending;
You warmed his slippers, aired his clothes,
With resolute endeavour
Forestalled his wants, and, good as gold,
You always did as you were told,
Thinking him wise and clever.

But do you now—I ask you? No!
Decades of scantier fashions
Have made you so robust you glow
With most pugnacious passions.
Man's old supremacy is lost;
I wonder if you hanker
In times of stress and storm to kill
The creature off . . . but then, he still
Has uses as a BANKER!

—E. L. Roberts

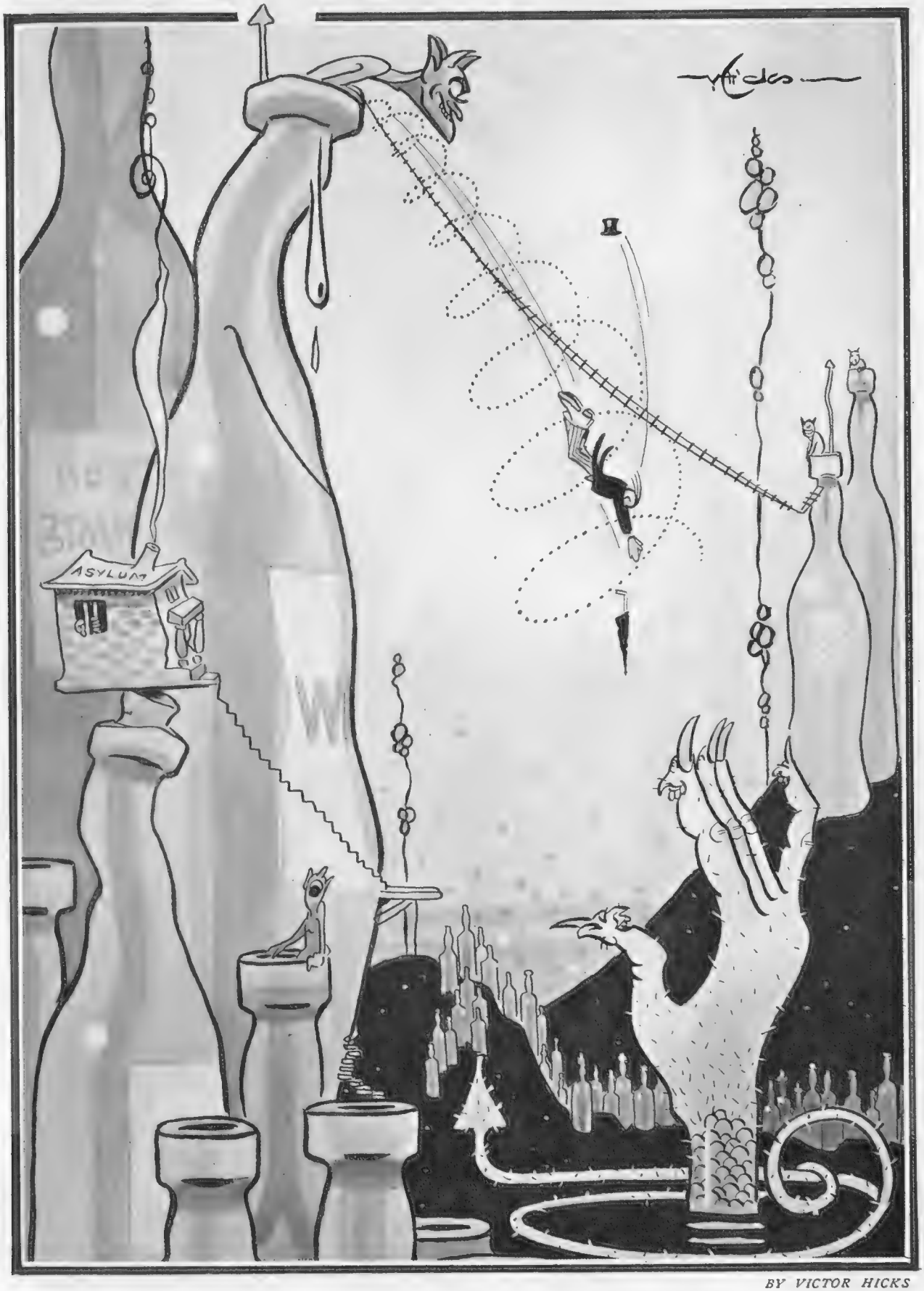
"Pull together over the rough waters," says the Premier in an election message, "and we shall soon sail together over the calm." We would remind him that "sailing" in a "calm" is no easy matter. Perhaps, however, the Government is "getting the breeze up!"

* * * *

The tenants of new houses at Swaffham are allowed to keep pigs. Sooner or later we shall be hearing of enlightened landlords allowing their tenants to keep babies.

A DIRECT HIT
Another triumph for the Air Forces

"Highways, Byways and Sideways"



BY VICTOR HICKS

THE DIZZY DIVE INTO DIPSOMANIA

Photograph *Sidney H. Nicholls*

JUNE IN OCTOBER: A SUNLIGHT STUDY TAKEN LAST WEEK

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE LITTLE GREEN GODS

BY C. HEDLEY BARKER

CARRON'S friends said confidently, after the jade god affair, that he had emerged from the experience a wiser man. Yet, were he to find himself again in a similar position, the odds are a thousand to one on his repeating his madness. But, was it madness? Are we to believe that love is a disease of the brain, as well as a heart affection?

Stephen Carron wrote. He wrote cheques in order that he might stage little surprises for his wife, Justine. And Justine, the beauty of her day, bored and intolerant beyond her years, accepted these things with an aloof placidity intensely irritating to Carron's intimate friends. Carron himself was totally incapable of experiencing resentment, or of perceiving a flaw in his wife's cold and queenly make-up. Perhaps he saw too little, yet quite enough of her, living, as he did, for the most part, in a world peopled only with figures born of his imagination. For, in order that cheques might be written, he wrote novels. They were successful novels. A vast audience read him with enthusiasm. From the pay-boxes of three continents money flowed into his coffers.

What might have been happiness with Justine was a something still-born, elusive; a garden about whose edge she fluttered vainly; vainly, because her flutterings were tentative, savoured with the spice of her peremptory impatience. Her disease was desire. The unreasoning ache for possession of anything and everything was her outstanding trait. Desire, as she knew it, was a searing flame. Let there be but the slightest delay in the accomplishment of her newest wish, and there followed tears, violent, undeserved upbraidings of her husband, and spells of childish sullenness. The remedy for such a state of affairs has yet to be evolved from the genie's chest of undiscovered things.

Society has strange crazes. Today, it is Eastern fans . . . " those lacquered ones, my dear . . . so awfully attractive! " Last week it was the quaint masks evolved by Benda, the artist with a reputation for weirdness. Most vivid in the memory of Carron is the jade god craze. It left him, virtually, a broken man.

The jade gods—the genuine ones with the Chinese inscriptions—were scarce, so scarce that possession meant envious callers and social fame. A jade god, you'll say, is a trifling thing—merely so much ugliness contrived from a beautiful material. Nevertheless, jade gods were the rage; fashion's hall-mark. And Justine Carron had failed to get one. The fates had combined to deny her this thing. A truly intolerable state of affairs!

To Stephen she said: " You are too bad! A week ago, Stephen, I spoke to you about the little green gods. Must I always be denied? I simply *must* have one. Mr. Jennings, I hear, has two."

Justine's brother Dick, who overheard the conversation, told Carron, afterwards: " She's a fine girl, Carron—one of the best. But she needs discipline."

" Discipline? " Had hanging been suggested the reproach in Carron's voice could scarcely have been greater. " But, Dick, Justine is a woman! A woman—the right woman—is just the beginning and the end for her husband. Besides, with Justine, this—er—distasteful thing that you mention . . . ridiculous! "

Dick Winterton's reply was to the effect that he failed to see anything ridiculous. But Dick didn't know. Only Carron, and Drysdale, and Jennings knew . . . the latter because he had played the eavesdropper. Drysdale was a heart specialist, and he had said: " On no account, Carron, must your wife be allowed to excite herself. If you would keep her, don't lose sight of this fact. Whatever she wants—and she is inclined to worry about the lesser things of life—get it, at once! "

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

So Carron went over to see Lewis Jennings.

. . . .

There are novelists and novelists. Lewis Jennings was as a Garvice is to a Conrad, compared with Carron. None knew this better than Jennings. It was his tragedy that his stuff just failed to be of the enduring sort.

Jennings became embittered. He developed into that tragic thing, a man with a secret obsession. His obsession took the form of hating Carron. Fanned by frequent broodings, his hatred grew; became in its final and most virulent stage a disembodied something which grinned over his shoulder as he wrote.

Arriving at the thirtieth thousand of his new novel, Jennings threw down his pen, tore into small strips the result of ten weeks of grinding labour, and committed it to the waste-paper basket. Then Carron came in.

" Hullo, Jennings! How goes the book? Pretty bald stuff, I suppose, as yet. Mine always is, in its virgin state. I like to give it the benefit of at least two revisions."

For the first time Carron perceived the ghastliness which was Jennings. His face was a mere white mask, valleyed by two cavernous hollows—black pits in whose depths restless, feverish eyes blazed.

" Why, Jennings, anything wrong? You look positively ill, man."

" Ill! " echoed Jennings, and laughed tonelessly. " Well, no, not exactly. Touch of brain-fag, perhaps. By the way, Carron—you are doing some stuff yourself, I hear? "

Carron's eyes lit. " Yes," he admitted. " I am hoping to turn out the book of the year. It is the best thing I have ever done, so far as it has gone."

Hungrily, Jennings devoured the details which made up his visitor. Plain, drab, be-spectacled, was Stephen Carron, presenting to the world no outward indication of the

"THE LITTLE GREEN GODS" (*concluded*)

giant intellect within. "Was ever such a paradox?" asked Jennings of himself. He, Jennings, had the look of a superlatively brilliant man.

Into the midst of his reverie came the voice of Carron, faint, like the soft-falling sounds one hears drowsily ". . . about those little god things, Jennings."

"Eh?" Jennings sat up with a start. "What's that, Carron?"

"My wife tells me you have a couple of those little jade idols. She thinks you might be persuaded to part with one of them. She—er—well, you know how women set store by such trifles."

"So," said Jennings, after a long silence, "Mrs. Carron desires to purchase one?" He reached over to his desk, and took down one of the little green gods. He knew Carron's wife; knew how impossible she was, knew the danger of thwarting her wishes. An idea came to him, an idea so sudden and unscrupulous that he felt himself thrill to the shock of it. Here was a weapon to his hand; the only weapon through whose agency he could turn hate into hurt. Coldly, he said, "I won't sell."

Carron seemed puzzled, puzzled rather by the harshness in Jenning's voice than the words themselves.

"You mean——?"

"I mean," repeated Jennings, levelly, "exactly what I say. Money will not buy one of those little green gods."

Carron rose awkwardly from his chair. A something in the atmosphere, coupled with Jenning's peculiar manner, filled him with a vague uneasiness. The desire to get away from the man imported a quality of haste into his usually deliberate movements. "Very well, Jennings," he said, "I am sorry you are unable to sell. Justine will be disappointed. Let me know, will you? should you have any cause to reconsider your decision."

Five minutes later he confronted Justine, and spoke of failure. She stood before him, quivering, enraged, bruising him with words. She was passion let loose—a contriver of black tragedy where naught but triviality existed.

Carron compelled himself with an effort to remain a spectator of her penultimate frenzy; her tearful, stormy finale. A crushing dread and a memory of Drysdale's ominous words weighed heavily on his spirit, as she collapsed, ashen-faced and fighting for breath, into a chair.

. . . . . .

The note which came over from Jennings was brief. It said: "Have fixed a price.—L. J."

Hot foot, Carron went.

If anything, Jennings had a queerer look than before. His pallor had increased, and his hands fluttered with nervous, bird-like movements about his person. Without hesitation he plunged into his subject, jerking out words in the manner of a man with some impediment of speech.

"I have always wanted," he said, "to write an 'Enid Verrier.' I have sat up into the small hours, and read myself into your stuff till my faculties wobbled, and my eyeballs seemed ready to crack. My ambition was to pluck from the gods the faculty to think on your high plane. Do you get me?"

Carron nodded, wonderingly.

"This desire," continued Jennings, "became a mental cancer. It ate away such poor ideas as I had got. To-night I destroyed thirty thousand words. Poor stuff, but the best I have yet achieved. Now this god business has come along. They are scarce. Possibly there are six or seven in this country, and I doubt if you will find anyone who is willing to sell. This fact—and something else—inspired me.

"I know that I can never write an 'Enid Verrier,' but I am determined, Carron, to enjoy, for once in my life, the kind of adulation to which you are accustomed. Do you understand me? In my note I said 'the price is fixed.' A little green god, you'll say, for——? Well, I think you know what for."

Carron was deathly pale. His mind strove to disbelieve, to assure him that he was in the midst of an evil dream, but there was the evidence of Jennings before him. He looked at Jennings with a sort of amazed, dumb curiosity. As he looked Jennings leaned forward, his evil, satyr's face bedewed with perspiration. He said, "What about — your wife — her — heart, Carron?"

The impulse to strike drove Carron's hand upwards. He hesitated, then dropped it, weakly. "Give me the . . . the thing," he managed to articulate. "I will send over the manuscript when—when . . ." His voice trailed thinly away. No longer dare he trust himself to the adventure of speech.

Afterwards, pale and aged, he approached the cold beauty of his sleeping wife. A touch of his hand and she was awake.

Carelessly she brushed aside the thing which he offered.

"Oh, Stephen!" she said, amazingly, "have you heard of the new jewelled mascots that Tiffany has brought out? They quite put green gods in the shade. Stephen . . . I must have one!"

C. HEDLEY BARKER

HAVE YOU HEARD A GOOD ONE LATELY?

Prizes for Humorous Stories.

THE BYSTANDER offers the following prizes for the best humorous stories sent in by readers:—

First Prize £10 10 0 Second Prize £7 7 0 Third Prize £5 5 0

Each story must be of a humorous nature, have a Christmas atmosphere and not exceed 350 words in length.

Any number of stories may be submitted by any one competitor. Attempts must reach this office not later than October 20th and be addressed to

The Editor, Bystander Christmas Story Competition, Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, E.C.4.

The Editor's decision must be final and he reserves the right to publish both successful and unsuccessful attempts. In the case of the publication of stories which do not win prizes, payment will be made at the usual rates for such contributions.

All attempts must be typewritten and bear the full name and address of competitor.

Unsuccessful and rejected stories will be returned if accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes, but the Editor will accept no responsibility in the event of loss.

No stories which have already been published will be considered.

Successful attempts, together with a selection of the next best, will be published in ***THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL*** in November.

(This Annual, by the way, is likely to beat all previous records in Christmas Numbers—even Bystander records.)

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"THIS FOR IT"

Buying a Hat

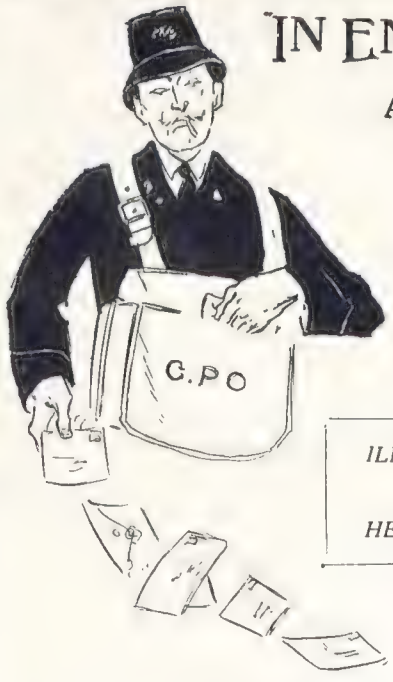
BY LAURIE TAYLER

THE HON. BILL SPENDS A STRENUOUS DAY

IN ENGLAND-NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

"Blanchette"



ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

THE NEW FOREST, *October* 17

DEAR COUSIN—

YES, have escaped once more from all the joys and noise of Town to the quiet and content of the country . . . just for a few days. And feeling rather cowardly and immoral about it all, I am, too.

卐 卐

I MEAN, just as all the shows and gaieties and things are getting right into full swing again, and invitations begin once more to flutter down on one, thick as the falling leaves of autumn, and the struggle of keeping up with one's social diary has sprung into fresh life as an urgent problem of the moment . . . seems just a bit pusillanimous, what, to turn your back on it all and plunge right out of the heart of *that* world into the depths of quite another sort of one?

卐 卐

BUT, somehow, couldn't help it, not however hard I tried. After all, when summer *will* go on pretending to be there when it isn't, and when even the sagacious squirrel (see notes by nature observers) has awakened from his winter sleep 'cos of the odd way the old weather's been behaving, and has started squirreling about again like mad and devoured his hoarded store of nuts long before the proper time (thus laying himself open to the most disastrous consequences), and primroses are blooming, and strawberries starting all over again—what, I ask you, is a poor weak human of the weaker sex to be expected to do? And when all the laws of nature are defied, why not those of mere human convention and custom and duty and all that sort of thing?

卐 卐

ANYWAY, here we are, and, after all, that's the real point, isn't it? And, oh! so frightfully, awfully pleased to be here, too. Does lend rather an extra special charm to things, of course, to feel and know you really oughtn't to be doing 'em. Not that this wonderful, enchanting, entrancing Forest, age-old yet ever fresh and new, needs any sort of special circs. to make it the thing of joy and delight it is.

卐 卐

FROM the trees, the "dreamy, gloomy, friendly trees," as Walter de la Mare calls them, there comes a gentle whispering as every now and then a pale little leaf that has had its day and run its course floats reluctantly down with many a turn and twist to its lovely grave in earth or stream. Through the bracken, gloriously gold and mauve in its rich autumn dress, you hear a rustling of footsteps that approach. But it's nothing human intruding on your private paradise. Only one of the forest ponies, little *genii* of the enchanted spot, that roam and browse freely through its thickets and glades. Birds sing softly and happily, an acorn drops here and there with a tiny crash—and that's all.

卐 卐

POSITIVELY a norrible shock, you know, when quite by mistake you emerge after miles and miles of lonely wandering and find yourself suddenly for a moment actually on a hard high road, with

"Invitations once more flutter down on one like autumn leaves"

motors and motor-cycles tearing along, cars bung full of obviously *nouveaux riches* with expensive feathers waving in their hats and fat faces and the kind of nose that tells its own story. . . . One glance, and we plunge back shuddering into the welcome and welcoming silences of the forest. *How* I do (sometimes) loathe and detest—don't you?—my fellow-man—and woman.

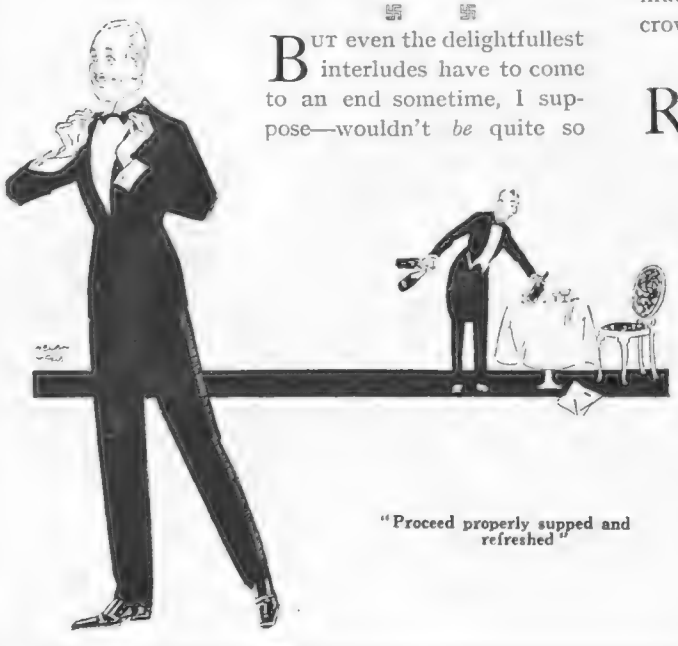
"Summer *will* go on pretending to be there"

ESPECIALLY, I must confess, when they utterly refuse to minister to one's most urgent needs in moments of acute distress. *E.g.*, wanting your tea on a hot afternoon in an unknown region far, far away from the safety and comfort of your own hotel. Have you ever tried, I wonder, to satisfy this modest (but frightfully pressing) want in an unfamiliar spot and begged (purse in hand) from door to door and been turned away with disdain and spurnery from every one as if you'd come to steal the spoons?

SOON makes one forget again, though, all such little worries and any others that there may be in the world as well—merely to feast your eyes on the rich, but restful, panoply of colour that generous Nature pours out for one here with such a lavish hand, these marvellous October days. Oh! the golds, the deep reds, the purples, the soft blues, the russets, the infinite variety of greens, from palest and tenderest to deepest and darkest hue! The lights and shades—and the lovely springy turf underfoot, too, and the soft, sweet air that still is sweet and soft, spite of clinging mists, when—

> Slowly, silently the moon
> Walks the night in her silver shoon,
> This way and that she peers and sees
> Silver fruit upon silver trees.

BUT even the delightfullest interludes have to come to an end sometime, I suppose—wouldn't *be* quite so delightful if they hadn't got to, perhaps—and next time you hear from me I shall be back once more right in the midst of the crowd of people and things and happenings that is Town with a capital T. Where, after all, too, there's simply heaps and heaps of joys and enjoyments to be collected at this season of the year as ever is. We may be losing the world's trade, as the experts wail, and have a trifle of some million and a half unemployed on our hands, but we've got Parliament meeting again this week, haven't we, to deal with these little problems—and decide just how much more's got to be put on to our income-tax so's to help solve them—what?



"Proceed properly supped and refreshed"

AND, meantime, nearly everyone who's anyone, not to mention the other few millions or so, is back from Venice, or Dinard, or wherever it may be, and the theatres and places seem to be simply falling over each other to provide us with the necessary *menu* of distractions to keep us from thinking too much about our rapidly approaching r-ruin. At least one *première* for every day of last week at the theatres, including British ballet at the Kingsway, and this very night sees the send-off of our autumn season of Covent Garden opera, run by the Carl Rosa people, whom some of us (including your Blanchette) really find every bit as good as the much-boomed Beecham crowd—if not better.

"Leaving out the sweets at dinner not to speak of the coffee and liqueurs"

RUSSIAN Ballet to roll up at the Alhambra quite soon, too—really not too much stint in our amusement programme just now, is there? And what with the eleven o'clock closing rule triumphantly through at last we shall be able once more to proceed properly supped and refreshed and exhilarated, after the show, to our dance at the Grafton or somewhere so as really worthily to end up the evening and put a climax to it, so to speak. Never feel I've quite had a real night out, you know, unless there's been, anyway, *some* dancing in it. Rather leaving out the sweets at dinner, isn't it, not to speak of the coffee and liqueurs?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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Photograph *Topical Press*

OUT WITH THE QUANTOCK

The Master, Colonel Boles, with his huntsman and whip before moving off to the meet with hounds

BY FIELD AND

Photograph *Clarence Hailey*

MR. C. E. TONGE

A recent snapshot of the Master of the Newmarket and Thurlow Foxhounds

Hunting Notes

BY A. W. COATEN

Backward Hounds

In the ordinary way the first Monday of November sees the opening of the regular hunting season in many countries, but this year the work among the cubs has been so much hindered by the drought that a good many M.F.H.'s will delay the start of the "real thing" for a week or two. Huntsmen rarely remember an autumn in which the conditions have been more unfavourable. There has been very little scent in covert, and it has been a matter of extreme difficulty to scatter the cubs effectually.

A Fine Northern Country

The Tynedale Hounds are doing well. Among those who have been out with them is Prince Henry, who shares the Prince of Wales' enthusiasm for foxhunting. There is every prospect of a good season in the Tynedale country, foxes being plentiful and hounds in rare condition. The pack consists chiefly of bitches, which for make and shape, pace and nose would be hard to beat. This Northumberland country is grass to a great extent, affording excellent going. There are all kinds of jumps, including stone walls, banks, and fly fences. Mr. J. C. Straker, the Master, is one of the senior M.F.H.'s now on the active list. For nearly forty seasons he has hunted the Tynedale country, and followers of the pack hope that he will complete his half-century in office.

Miss E. Berry, M.F.H.

An addition to the list of foxhunting establishments which was published with The Bystander of October 5 is the Gelligaer. This Welsh Hunt has taken on a new lease of life under the youthful Mastership of Miss Eileen Berry, of Gwaelodygarth, Merthyr Tydfil. It has always been largely a farmers' pack, and the followers are well mounted on sturdy Welsh cobs or hill ponies, which do excellent service in rather a rugged country. The hounds are hunted to Welsh cries, and are noteworthy for their sound hunting qualities.

The "Capping" Controversy

I recall the time when the introduction of "capping" caused quite a storm of discussion. Many believed that it brought to an end the old freedom of the hunting-field and sincerely regretted the innovation. Still, these are matter-of-fact days, and it is impossible to carry out some of the old ideals. Thus one by one all the chief countries took up the "capping" system, and now there are comparatively few packs of importance with which the "deadhead" can get his hunting for nothing. As a well-known Hunt secretary points out, everybody who hunts nowadays must pay for his sport.

Photograph *Central News*

THE EARL OF BATHURST

Master of the V. W. H. (Cirencester), with the whip, at Charlton Park, Malmesbury, where they had some excellent cubbing. On this day four foxes were run to earth within two and a half hours

Economy

I am interested to see that the point which I made in my article on the outlook for the season—economy the keynote—has been taken up elsewhere. One hunting correspondent thinks that much might be saved in the matter of more simple attire in the field, but I daresay we shall see the Pytchley and other fashionable throngs as resplendent as ever in scarlet and white when the opening meets come round. The drop in prices for forage which has marked the last few months is a relief to most foxhunters, but, of course, this cuts both ways. Low prices spell bad times for farmers, and it should be borne in mind that the future success of foxhunting is largely bound up with the prosperity of agriculture. A. W. C.

STREAM COVERT

Photograph *Elliot and Fry*

M.F.H. TO WED

Captain William Percy Browne, M.C., of Fifehead, Magdalen, Dorset, whose engagement was lately announced to Miss Richenda Hoare, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hoare, of Sutton Veny, Wilts. Captain Browne is the Master of the Portman Hunt

Photograph] **MOVING OFF TO THE MEET** *[Topical Press*

Mr. Hancock, Major Thomson, and Mrs. Harington at the meet of the Quantock Staghounds at Quantock Farm recently

Racing Notions

BY "CARBINE"

A Good Winner

I HAVE not had a previous opportunity of referring to the Duke of York Handicap in these pages. May I be excused just a little "crow"? It is always so refreshing to be able to tip a 100 to 8 winner. On turning up my notes published before the race I find THE BYSTANDER made a singularly accurate forecast of the result. I hope we shall enjoy equal luck in the Cambridgeshire. At first glance it might be supposed that Abbots Trace, having so narrowly failed to win the big race at Kempton Park, would be a good thing for the Cambridgeshire, but, of course, 9 st. 2 lb. is a severe burden, and I do not remember the great Houghton race being won under such weight.

Abbots Trace

ON the Monday after Kempton I rang up my bookmaker and enquired the price of Abbots Trace for the Cambridgeshire. The best he could offer was 100 to 8, and as I reckoned the horse would soon become favourite I accepted that figure. I was a bit disgusted, therefore, when I found him quoted at 25 to 1 on the following morning. However, I think that was merely a "paper price," and I question whether you could actually have obtained 25's. Abbots Trace is such a popular performer with the public that he is sure to be strongly supported next week.

Square Measure

GOING strictly on the book I suppose we must reckon Square Measure as possessing a better chance for the Cambridgeshire than Abbots Trace. In the Jubilee last spring Square Measure was set to give the other no less than 16 lb., and they finished close together. In the Cambridgeshire Abbots Trace receives only 2 lb. But Mr. Reid Walker's horse was due to run in the big race in France last Sunday, and a penalty incurred there would be fatal to his chance at Newmarket.

Further Prospects

I HAVE a respect for the prospects of Charlebelle and Aclare, while Lady Sleipner must be regarded with caution. There is a chance that Tetratema will run, which would make the race vastly more interesting. However, I shall have a chance next week of discussing the Cambridgeshire outlook more closely, and I shall defer a definite selection until then.

A Quiet Week

BETWEEN the two Newmarket meetings there is rather a quiet week's racing, but there is sure to be some excellent sport at Sandown Park, with some National Hunt racing to wind up with. I do not envy the lot of the jumpers unless we get some rain. Up in the North there will be a good programme at Gosforth Park. Charleville is an obvious tip for the Northumberland Autumn Plate after his running in the Cesarewitch, but **Poiret** is my selection.

BY "THE TOUT"

MR. HARRY RICH

With his trainer, "Teddy" Martin (back view), is one of the best known men who go racing. Mr. Rich is equally well known in the polo world, and has been one of the Prince of Wales' advisers on the game this season

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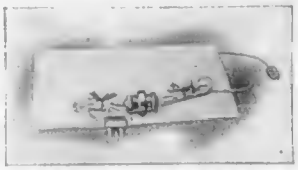

Dye Ken

John

THE ORIGINAL

Haig?

Photograph] LADY GOLFERS OF KENT *[Sport and Genera.*

A group of competitors (senior division) at the Kent County Autumn Meeting held over the course of the Bromley and Bickley Club last week, when there was some very low scoring. The scratch prize on Thursday was won by Mrs. Kenneth Morrice with the excellent score of 81, which is only 5 over the Ladies' Golf Union par of the green. Miss Pillman was second with 82 and Mrs. Cain (formerly Miss Hilda Prest) third with 84

Sports & Pastimes

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

An Echo of the Church Congress

AMONG the many and varied topics discussed at the Church Congress last week Association football figured fairly prominently. Expert opinion on the subject was represented by the Rev. K. R. G. Hunt, the old Corinthian player, who has been concerned with professional football for twenty years or more. He believes that there is far more good than evil in the Association game, but there was certainly little in his speech to justify that belief. He knows, for instance, that football encourages loafing, and that the way in which thousands of able-bodied men are content to waste so much of their leisure as lookers-on at football instead of themselves indulging in the game or in some other athletic pursuit is becoming a menace to the fitness of the nation. The best that can be said of it is that looking on at football is one of the least objectionable forms of loafing, which is faint praise with a vengeance.

Turning the Blind Eye

MR. HUNT was further compelled to deplore the spirit of extreme partizanship displayed by football crowds. Most men, he admitted, would rather see their own side win a bad game than lose a good one. In fact, the best conclusion to which he appeared able to arrive was that football has undoubtedly come to stay, and that, in these circumstances, it is our bounden duty to make the best of it. So that one is tempted to ask whether this attitude is really compatible with a belief that there is more good than evil in the game, and whether the preservation of that belief does not entail an immoderate use of the blind eye.

The Gambling Evil

IN an earlier oration on gambling the Bishop of Durham had declared that gambling threatened not only the honour, but the very existence, of Association football, and Mr. Hunt had, of course, to say something in reply. Here, again, he was forced to make admissions. He was not going to deny (he said) that there was a great deal of betting, but there was betting in connection with any great athletic contest. There was more betting upon the University Boat Race than upon any other big sporting event except the Derby. And yet he had never heard of any complaint being made about this. The argument obviously will not hold water. The Boat Race is a single event which takes place once a year. Association football goes on for six months, and there are dozens of matches every week, upon which there is betting by people who bet continuously throughout the season. It is the using of Association football as a vehicle for sustained and systematic gambling (an impossibility in the case of such events as the Boat Race) which is so bad for the game and its devotees.

Photograph *Barratt*

A. H. G. BUTCHER

Who has just gained the distinction of being re-elected captain of the Oxford University Association Football Team. He is one of the best amateur centre half-backs in the kingdom

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. KENNETH MORRICE

Winner of the scratch prize at the Kent County Autumn Meeting on Thursday last

What of the Amateurs?

IN the course of his speech Mr. Hunt said that there was a tendency on the part of some men, and particularly of old public school and 'Varsity men, to throw mud at the game. I regard this as

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

a distinctly unfortunate expression to use. It is true that many 'Varsity and public school men are very dissatisfied with the present state of affairs. When you give undue prominence to the professional side of a game the amateur side of it is bound to suffer. Amateur "Soccer" does not get, and never has had, proper recognition from the F.A. and those who are really the keenest on fostering the purely amateur spirit in the game—the 'Varsity and public school men—can hardly be taken to task for resenting this. There have been indications for some time past that Association football at the 'Varsities and public schools is finding it increasingly difficult to hold its own in competition with its purely amateur rivals, Rugby football and hockey. After all, no matter what Mr. Hunt may have to say, can you wonder at it?

HOCKEY

Trying the Hit-In

ALTHOUGH I am not one of those who think that a hit-in will ever be substituted for the roll-in from touch, I am, nevertheless, of opinion—and have already said so in a previous issue of THE BYSTANDER—that the International Rules Board have acted wisely in arranging for the merits of the hit-in to be subjected to a series of tests. But in giving instructions for the hit-in to be employed in some of the matches played by the Divisions as well as in some of the games played by the leading Clubs, I consider that they have made a mistake.

Photograph] THE ONLY ONE *[Alfieri*

It is doubtful whether Rugby football has ever before been brought to a virtual standstill in London during October by dry weather, as it was on October 8, when the only match of importance that could be played was London Welsh v. Old Alleynians at Dulwich (above illustrated). All the other grounds were too hard. The London Welsh won by 17 points to 11

Unsuitable Occasions

THE primary object of these trial matches is team-building. A team has to be selected and the selectors of it are guided in their choice very largely by the play of the men who are taking part in them. The team which will ultimately be selected will play hockey and the men who are being tried for places in it should be given the opportunity of showing how they can play hockey—not hockey with variations. If you ask these men to play a game which varies from the game to which they are accustomed you cannot expect them to show their best form. Some may adapt themselves better than others to the altered conditions; but this, at the very most, is evidence of versatility; the altered conditions will not obtain in the match in which they are hoping to play, and consequently you are not treating them—or for the matter of that the selectors who have to adjudicate upon their merits—at all fairly.

(*Continued on page 102*)

POPE & BRADLEY
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Mistress of the Seas

PUNY PROFITEERING.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT must be a thrilling experience to be charged with murder. But we live in crafty times, and experience only comes to the emotional few.

I have only been charged once . . . criminally, more or less. The case was published in most of the papers. But memories are short, and must often be refreshed, like stomachs.

In the early part of this year the firm of Pope and Bradley was charged with profiteering. Being the singular proprietor of this plural personality, I appeared, and defended my own case. It appealed to my ironical sense of humour.

The firm was charged with charging (which is immediately combative) eighteen guineas for a lounge suit. And it really did seem an awful lot. Conducting the case myself before a perfectly stupid Tribunal I proved conclusively that the net profit on this suit was 7s. 8d. But with British phlegm and asthma and mental astigmatism they were unable to comprehend my simple mathematics. So they gave the case against me and ordered a refund of £2 2s., saying they thought eighteen guineas was too high a price for any suit. I told them I was amazed at their decision and should appeal.

I took the case to the Court of Appeal at Spring Gardens, and, finding intelligence, then, of course, I won. Had I not done so I should have taken the case to the House of Lords, or to heaven, or even to the more populated place.

The case was simple but illustrative.

At each hearing it took two and a half hours to prove. A chartered accountant proved the accounts. A woollen merchant proved the cost of the materials. A salesman proved the sale of the suit, and the West End log workers who made the garments proved the wages they were paid. The cost in time alone was collectively at least £100.

Since that date the finest quality materials are down 25 per cent. and West End log labour is down 10 per cent.

The prices of Pope and Bradley have been reduced accordingly, and they are still calculated on a bare margin of cost. There is no prospect of making more than a bare margin of profit at present. The spending capacity of the public to-day is limited. And until things recover this House is content to maintain production, keep its hundreds of employees at work, and forego its individual profits. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d. Overcoats from £8 8s.

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Golficers at Sunningdale

[Anything but a silent "l" when they see this]

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

There was a big entry for the Army Championship of Golf, which was competed for at Sunningdale last week, and our artist could only find room for quite an infinitesimal number of the combatants on the above page. The championship was won by Lieut.-Col. W. Green (Black Watch) for the second time in his golfing career, his previous success having been in 1911, with a score of 154. Capt. W. H. B. Mirrlees, R.F.A., was second, and Major Keith Thorburn, R.F.A., third

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

Two Birds with One Stone

You are in fact holding two distinct and separate trials, the object of one of which is entirely at variance with the object of the other. And it is very unwise to attempt to kill two birds with one stone when the bringing down of one of them is a matter of real importance. In a club game the hit-in can be tried without doing an injustice to anybody, though even here the result must necessarily be regarded as inconclusive because the game is not really a game of hockey, but something else. But no one on the losing side in a club game in which the hit-in is tried is in the least likely to lose his place even if, owing to his inability to adapt his play to the altered conditions, he was mainly responsible for the loss of the game. In a trial game the players are trying to gain or retain a place, and they should be able to concentrate upon this object and this object alone.

Photograph *Merrie (Dunedin)*

THE SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM

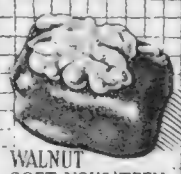
Photographed at Dunedin during its recent tour in New Zealand. Included in it is F. W. Mellish, the well-known Blackheath forward, who played last season for England, so that he enjoys the distinction of having represented two nations. A. van Heerden, who is also seen in the group, played last season for Guy's Hospital

(*Left to right*) BACK ROW: S. S. Strauss, H. W. Morkel, A. van Heerden, R. Morkel, J. M. Michau, S. W. van Royen, A. P. Walker, H. Scholtz, A. S. Morris (Hon. Trainer). THIRD ROW: W. A. Clarkson, J. S. Oliver, F. W. Mellish, T. Kruger, P. S. Mostert, N. du Plessis, W. C. Zeller, L. B. Siedle. SECOND ROW: J. P. Michau, T. B de Villiers, H. J. Morkel, T. B. Pienaar, (Captain), H. C. Bennett (Manager), W. H. Morkel (Vice-Captain), M. Ellis, P. G. Morkel, J. S. Weepener. FRONT ROW: J. S. de Rock, W. Sendin, W. Townsend, I. C. Tindall, C. de P. Meyer

Eight Yards Instead of Five

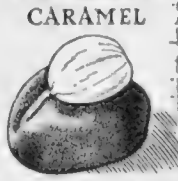
As an alternative to the hit-in as an improvement to the roll-in in its present form, it has been suggested that the roll-in should be retained, but that the distance of the five-yards line should be increased from five to eight yards. This innovation has already been tried with satisfactory results. The main objection to the roll-in under existing conditions is that it causes "bunching" on the five-yards line and so makes it difficult to open up the game. The additional three yards would appear to go a long way towards the elimination of this drawback, and it is conceivable that we have here the true solution of the roll-in difficulty. H. S. S.

Maison Lyons Chocolates



WALNUT SOFT NOUGATEEN

CARAMEL



LEMON ALMOND

GINGER

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TO most lovers of fine sweetmeats a 'standard' box of Maison Lyons Chocolates represents perfection. Should you on the other hand have a preference for some particular variety—hard centres, cream, or marzipan centres, etc.—so great is the variety Maison Lyons Chocolates offer, that you can still obtain a wide assortment of the kind you like best. Maison Lyons Chocolates have attained their present popularity by their delicate flavour and high quality. Try just a half-pound box, compare the smooth coverings and delicately flavoured centres, and you will understand why. They can be obtained in the Confectionery Salons at Maison Lyons, 370, Oxford Street; Lyons Corner House; Strand Corner House; Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue; and 211, Regent Street.

Maison Lyons Chocolates are sold by most high-class Confectioners throughout the country.

A NOTE. When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert, which results in a ménage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

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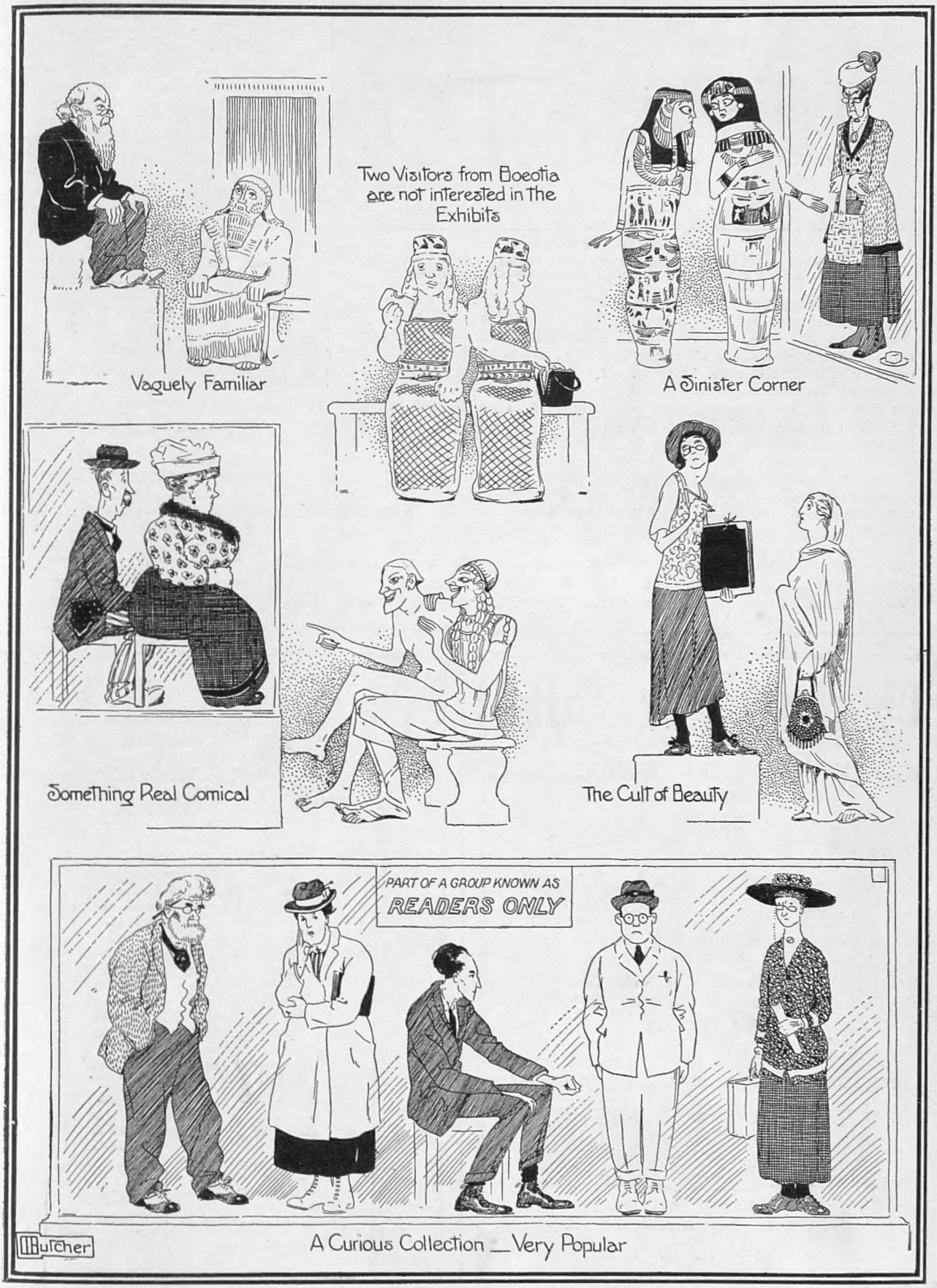
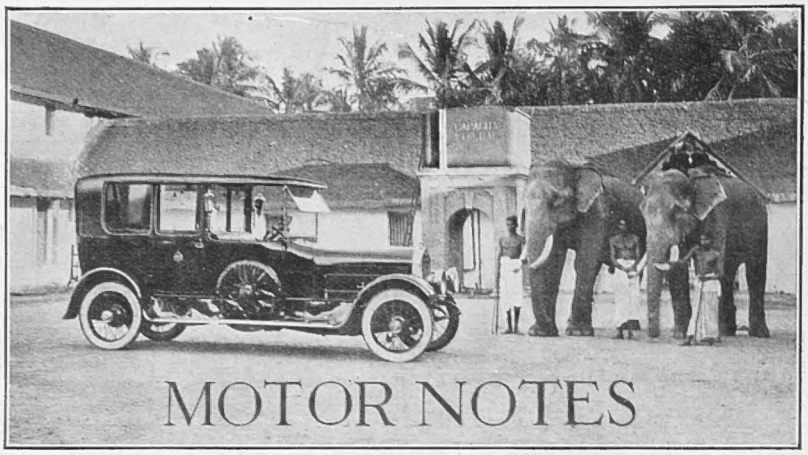
The Tables Turned



BY MARGARET BUTCHER

VICE VERSA AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM



MOTOR NOTES

ANCIENT AND MODERN

In the courtyard of the Maharajah of Travancore's palace, his motor-car and two elephants. The car is a 20 h.p. Wolseley, specially built with gold-plated fittings

On Saturday next (October 22) the last race of the year takes place at Brooklands, where seventy-three 1,500 c.c. engine cylinder capacity cars fight out the battle of supremacy in the 200 miles "light" car race. Actually there are twenty-nine different makes of cars entered, but some manufacturers have as many as four or five of their cars taking part in the event, so that brings the total up to the higher figure. As the whole bunch will be on the track together it will be a real circus, and how the bookies or the *pari mutuel* are going to lay the odds will be another sort of circus, as there are actually four distinct starts of thirteen to sixteen cars in a line with a minute or so's interval between each batch. The first row despatched will be all coloured yellow, and as all these cars are under 1,100 c.c.—really the cycle-car brigade—one could try and find the winner of that lot. Then the next row is red, followed by green cars and white coloured cars; each colour could have its distinct winner, though, unfortunately, by the enormous entry it does not necessarily mean that the actual winner of the 200 guinea gold cup will past the post first.

* * *

I noticed that, excepting the Calthorpe and the Fiat, every small 10 h.p. car will be running. Of course, those with engines over 1,500 c.c., like the Morris-Oxford, are not eligible, but otherwise this race is interesting as deciding which of the racing one and half litre cars is the best. But don't be led away, my fellow-motorists, that the cars on the track are like those you and I are asked to buy. They are all special "busters" with hardly an exception, and include Aston-Martin, A.C., Marlborough, Deemster, Peugeot, Morgan, Gregoire, A.B.C., Lagonda Alois, Horstman, Charron-Laycock, B.A.C., Talbot-Darracq, Eric Campbell, Silver Hawk, Douglas, a two-stroke Snow, Temperino, Enfield-Allday, Soriano Pedroso, and the G.N., A.V., Bleriot Whippet, Crouch lot of cycle-cars. Well, the speed will be wonderful, the noise like double Bedlam, and the officials of the Junior Car Club will be still more wonderful if they get this race through without a hitch.

* * *

Which reminds me, I noticed that one of the Silver Hawks was up for sale, including its entry in this race, so evidently a driver has gone missing. It seems a pleasant little habit of the motor trade nowadays to get amateurs to pay their own expenses of running in such races, while the makers gain any kudos or profit should they win. And the joke of it is, so many fall to it and risk breaking their neck as well. One can understand that sort of thing for classic races, perhaps, as vanity is with most of us in one shape or other,

(*Continued on page 168*)

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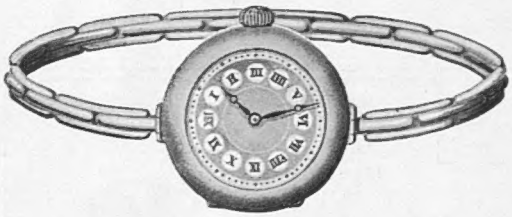

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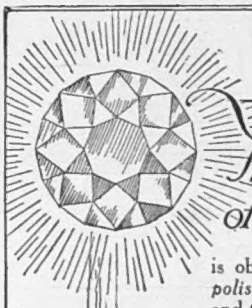

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Film makes teeth dingy

That viscous film you feel is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles.

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

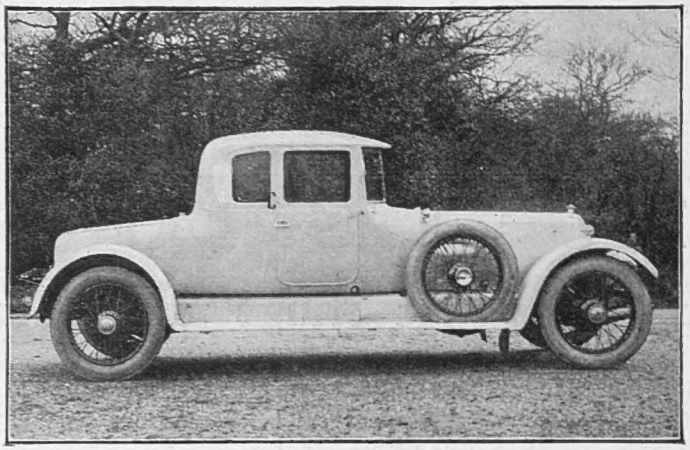
but for trade events I think trade drivers, properly paid as jockeys usually are, is the better course. Makers' amateurs, I hoped, were an extinct race in the motor world, and had emigrated to lawn tennis or some other fields.

* *
*

THERE is a new Shell-Mex palace in Kingsway, which, besides being a very handsome building and all that, has a set of models in its waiting hall that are well worth inspecting by the general body of motor folk who want to know something about oil, petrol, and the like from the well to the car. Writing about palaces reminds me that the latest type of 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder Napier is well worthy of a palace for its excellent trial across France, over the Alps, through Switzerland and Italy, and back to the Brooklands track, where it scurried round at over seventy miles an hour for three laps at the conclusion of this long trial under R.A.C. supervision. It is a palatial car and happy is the owner who has one. "It's a pearl of price," remarked a bystander, seeing it at the Paris Show, and that described this carriage perfectly.

* *
*

JUDGING by the new small cars that crop up out of the blue, so to speak, each week before the Motor Show, one would think that the era of the motor-carriage had gone, and the days of the motor-"trap" had begun. All the wonderful sunshine we have had this year has helped the open car as compared with the closed carriage, but it is time the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders started a statistical department to let the motor trade know actually how many of each sort really exist to-day, and estimate what is wanted each year. Here, in this country, we have firms like Rolls-Royce, Lanchester, Daimler, Straker-Squire, Vauxhall, Sunbeam, Wolseley, Talbot, and Crossley who build chassis more suitable for carriages than for two- or four-seated runabouts. Besides these there is the foreign contingent, and all of them seem to manage to sell a certain number of their own make per annum. Yet, if one believed all one hears, no one would imagine that anything over 12 h.p. could sell to-day. And cars are produced smaller and smaller in power, until the 5 h.p. "perambulator" will be offered. To quote the butler, "Kerridge folk want kerridges, and the working-man 'is pub," which, to translate freely, means that all these small cars are excellent to meet the situation as regards the working-man and his wife, but the real supporters of the motor industry are the purchasers of the motor-carriage proper, the limousine, the landaulette, the enclosed-drive (whatever that may mean), and the coupé. OLD HY.



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